

Mary S. Vanderbilt

A TWENTIETH CENTURY SEER

BY M. E. CADWALLADÉR



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MARY S. VANDERBILT

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Seer*

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M. E. CADWALLADER

"I have found Spiritualism a good thing to live by, and I have come pretty close to finding it a good thing to die by."—M. S. Vanderbilt.

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Mary S. Vanderbilt

“Oh spirit rare! Who guided us so long,
Along the rough and stony paths of life
Who hushed our fears, and taught us right from wrong,
Who dried our tears, and helped us bear our strife.”

“Speak to us now, and tell us it is best
That thou shouldst leave us, whom we love so much.
Help us to bridge the space that lies between,
And give us strength and faith to feel thy touch.”

“Thou who hast never failed, we miss thee so,
Lend now thy hand to help us bear the blow.
Speak out thy message ever clear, that we
May still, from thee, God’s wondrous wisdom know.”

EARL WHITCOMB CARTER.

April 30, 1919. Camp Devens, Mass.

PREFATORY NOTE

It is fitting to preserve for posterity a record of some of the achievements of Mary S. Vanderbilt, but to attempt to glean even a tithe of the work of this marvelous medium and seer of the twentieth century would mean to give a history of the Spiritualist Movement, so closely was she identified with it in New England especially, her chosen field. We have had to depend upon incomplete transcripts gleaned here and there from the newspaper accounts which inadequately record a meagre idea of what was accomplished through the mediumship of this gifted seer. The preparation of this volume was the labor of love—of one to whom the friendship of Mrs. Vanderbilt was a rare boon—and whose appreciation of her mediumistic gifts was second to none.

We trust the reader will appreciate the difficulties surrounding the preparation of this memorial book, collated as it was from so many sources.

May it prove an inspiration to sorrowing hearts as it goes forth on its mission of love.

M. E. CADWALLADER.

Foreword

WHEN THE DAWNING LIGHT OF REASON BREAKS UPON US WE SHALL KNOW, THAT IN EVERY AGE WE HAVE HAD OUR GREAT TEACHERS AND SAVIOURS WHO, LIKE JESUS, GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT HUMANITY MIGHT HAVE THE TRUTH, AND THROUGH THAT KNOWLEDGE REACH GREATER HEIGHTS OF SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.

IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARKNESS, MARY S. VANDERBILT STOOD AS A LIGHTHOUSE, GUIDING SOULS TO THAT HARBOR OF TRUTH, WHERE THEY MIGHT FIND THE GLORIOUS KNOWLEDGE THAT THEIR LOVED ONES, WHO SEEMINGLY HAD DIED, STILL LIVED AND LOVED, AND SHE, LIKE ALL GREAT SOULS, LAID HER ALL UPON THE ALTAR OF TRUTH.

IN THE NAME OF THAT GREAT TRUTH WHICH SHE TAUGHT, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO ALL HUMANITY, BY ONE TO WHOM SHE OPENED THE GATES OF THAT SPIRITUAL WORLD, AND BROUGHT THE MESSAGE OF THE ANGELS.

LOVING SERVICE IS THE ONLY ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP, AND LABOR THE ONLY EFFECTIVE PRAYER.

SINCERELY,

WARREN R. FALES.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE

Mary Scannell Pepper Vanderbilt began her public work in 1895, as a bearer of platform messages, but since her girlhood she had been holding private test seances. Inspirational speaking was an added phase of her later development. . Her especial field of activity was in New England, but she appeared often in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and at conventions of the National Spiritualists' Association. A conspicuous part of her work at the Spiritualist Camps was executive as well as psychic. Up to the time of her transition she had functioned as president of Lake Pleasant camp in Massachusetts five years, and ten years at Camp Etna in Maine.

From 1904 until 1906 (inclusive) she officiated in the pastorate of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn. Late in 1906, by request of the Czar, she went to Russia and held several seances with the imperial family, and afterward appeared in several European capitals.

In 1907 she became the wife of Edward W. Vanderbilt. This marriage was a happy one.

With the sympathy and co-operation of her husband and the mental relaxation which the sanctuary of the home life afforded her, Mrs. Vanderbilt was enabled to carry her unfoldment to a point even further than she had hitherto done. The last years of her life testified to the enhancement of her gifts, not to their wanings. She identified herself more effectively than ever with camp work.

Her final illness was brief. She passed out April 27, 1919, in Boston, Massachusetts, after an operation that failed to counteract the conditions. In accordance with her request, her ashes were interred at Camp Etna.



BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. VANDERBILT
Happy Hollow, West Mansfield, Mass.

Mary S. Vanderbilt

CHAPTER I.

DAWNING MEDIUMSHIP

In the evolution of the race toward a higher state there comes to us, in hours of greatest need, someone who, out of life's seeming darkness, shines forth among his fellow men as a prophet of a new dispensation.

For ages, man sought to come into communication with invisible, mysterious forces, beyond his power to command or comprehend. The history of civilization is marked by spiritual phenomena, but it was left for Modern Spiritualism to give the world a conscious knowledge of the spirit world and its inhabitants through the seers of modern times.

Andrew Jackson Davis is recognized as the John the Baptist of Modern Spiritualism. Since "the Rochester rappings" in the Hydesville cottage on March 31, 1848, through the mediumship of the Fox Sisters, many media have given proof of the stupendous message, "There are no dead"; but of all these there was none who in the development of mediumship surpassed Mary S. Vanderbilt.

On May 7, 1867, in a community called "Happy Hollow," in West Mansfield, Mass., a girl child was born to Richard and Bridget Scannell. Did the little one, then first gazing into this life, give any token of the strenuous career she was to follow, blazing the way for others? Was there one who dreamed that the child in that cradle was destined to be a Revealer, a Prophet and a Seer?

Many of us, if we could peer into the future, would shrink from taking up the cross and following the vision. Could that little one have been vouchsafed a knowledge of her future, well might she have cried out, "Father, let this cup pass from me!"

Ralph Waldo Emerson says that every talent somewhere reaches its apotheosis. This is a truth, but it is stated in cloudy terms. For talent is an instrument through which a power is expressed, and power itself is only an attribute of faculty, which in turn is an attribute of the soul; and back of the soul is the spirit, the part that cannot die, that must go on forever. It is Spirit that maintains eternal contact with the universe of reality, but often enough the instrument, in its earlier time of use, is hard to bring into fluent melody. It was so with Mary Pepper Vanderbilt when first her powers began to urge for expression, while yet she was a child. But what a full and flowing harmony her later years poured forth!

Since in our western civilization psychic powers have as yet been given slight culture, it cannot be claimed that modern psychical manifestation has been brought to completion; but in the development of her mental mediumship Mary Pepper Vanderbilt reached a place high up along—

The world's great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness toward God.

To honor her achievements is to choose a garland more significant than could be bestowed for a like progression in any other human possibility; for her upward course followed a trail not only disapproved, but actually condemned. A hard trail to travel, which called for a degree of perseverance greater and more determined than that required for triumphant effort in any industry or art. Her unwavering resolution might rather be likened to that of a great leader, a standard bearer, a pioneer.

West Mansfield was (and is) a small place, dating back to early colonial days. The people there still retain the colonial state of mind, especially in matters touching religion—the parochial mind, narrow, hard, clinging to outworn creeds, to shriveled ethics, rigidly shutting its eyes to any new light, hostile to all evidence of the truth that they themselves proclaimed by rote but could not prove—that man must die, but spirit is immortal.

No thought touching Spiritualism lit the religious ideas of her parents. The influence of Romanism and Methodism was present, but only insofar as it could find its way through the interstices of workaday lives. Then, when she was barely past babyhood, came an event that had potent effect upon her spiritual future. The mother of the family was summoned to the life beyond.

Those reading these lines, who already are Spiritualists, need not be reminded that upon release from the bonds of flesh, affection revives and expands; that loving thoughts entwine between us and our so-called dead; that they bring us closer to a plane of higher expression, so that we are at times prepared to receive, along these tendrils, some vibratory, conscious thrill from the heights. So when this New England child, early deprived of the physical presence of her best friend, began in timid bewilderment to contact the realization of spirit communion, her arisen mother was one of the first to reach across the sundering interval.

An aunt had taken the little girl into her care; and childhood years passed by. Her first great psychic experience came when she was fifteen.

With her foster-mother she had gone to visit friends at Narragansett. The fact that these people were Spiritualists was unknown to them. No allusion to it was made until after the occurrence which first indicated that she had mediumistic power. A newspaper interview in *The Lewiston Journal* in 1908 gives her own account of what then took place:

"I had retired, but still was wide awake. I became aware of a human form in the room, near the bed. . . . There was something about it that differed from the persons I knew . . . and I screamed.

"When I described the person I had seen, the family there said I had described one of their relatives, who had died—a person I never had seen, nor even heard of."

The members of this household were accustomed to receiving spirit messages by means of table-tipping. They knew no other way.

They had not long been seated around the table when tremulously, hesitatingly, yet clearly, the name of Mary's mother was spelled out, letter by letter. Thus it was made out that the spirit of a little Indian girl, Bright Eyes, desired to control her. The spirit requested that Mary remain in that home three months, to receive development.

All this was incomprehensible and unwelcome—to the young prospective medium. The idea failed to impress her. Farther, she vigorously declared she would not remain one hour beyond the time when her aunt must leave for home.

The Society for Psychical Research once gave its opinion that of all the people not more than one-fourth of one per cent, that is, one individual out of each four hundred, receive definite psychic manifestations; and this opinion was derived from a broad and comprehensive survey. But whether psychic faculty comes to the surface with many or with few, it is certain that in rare instances spirit co-operation does at times impart psychic impulses toward unusual psychic activity, often involuntary, quite apart from the individual's conscious intent or desire. Thus when the time came for the aunt to leave the house where Mary had her startling vision of a spirit, Mary herself, in the face of her former obstinacy, could not be persuaded to go. She remained

there three months, just as the spirit guides had asked, held by some vague but unescapable compulsion—pressed into service by the spirit forces. There was no exhibition of poltergeist power—no violent demonstration of an external will. Psychical science holds no more likable record of kindly spirit persuasion and guidance.

Nor do the annals of psychic accomplishment anywhere offer a spirit control more remarkable than the Indian child, Bright Eyes—inseparable from her chosen instrument through thirty-four years, constant in service from her first manifestation to the close of Mrs. Vanderbilt's earth life, and thought of whenever Mrs. Vanderbilt's name is mentioned. Mediumship is always the result of concerted action by a number of spirits, some of them reserving the right to obscurity, preferring to operate unnamed or even unannounced. That Bright Eyes was so assisted, there is no doubt or question; but Bright Eyes herself, not far removed nor long gone from physical conditions, was able to meet and to deal understandingly with earthly ambitions, longings, fears, heart-aches; to bring from more advanced souls in calmer realms, some touch of solace into the stir and sorrows of earth.

During her girlhood, Mary Scannell's psychic development was comparatively slow. School occupied her attention, home duties intervened. When she reached womanhood, she took employment at a neighboring farmhouse, where she aided in domestic tasks. In that part of the country this involved no social derogation then, nor would it now. In later life, when fame brought laurels, when wedded happiness became her portion, when affluence sheltered and royalty sought her, she was not ashamed to speak of the occupations of those humbler days. Nor did she ever attempt to conceal the fact that her first marriage—with George Pepper—resulted so unfortunately that she found herself obliged to divorce him. Bearing the name of one who might have dragged

her down, she raised it into wide renown among all who are sufficiently evolved to realize how high is the station of those who demonstrate the truth of spirit communion. that supreme blessing in the gift of Infinite Wisdom.

Through all those uphill earlier years the band of spirit workers remained faithful, Bright Eyes continuing as the best known control. During this term the little Indian spirit was merely an untaught child. In the first six years of mediumship no platform work was undertaken, though private seances and tests were attempted. When her first public seances were given, the messages were voiced in what a newspaper account described as "a curious dialect, half African, half Indian, and wholly ungrammatical, but spoken with great fluency. 'You squaw in de corner,' she would say, 'I know you wants I to speak to you awful bad. You don't feel half as shiny as you pretends you does,' which meant that the woman addressed concealed some secret care."

In order to perfect the manner of Bright Eyes' delivery, ex-Judge Abram H. Dailey, formerly of the Surrogate Court of New York, lent his efforts. For a considerable time he had Mrs. Pepper keep appointed hours at his offices, upon which occasions the attempt was made to aid the spirit control in shaping grammatical sentences of well pronounced words. That the assistance of this generous hearted and scholarly man was effective is indicated by the fact that in later years Mrs. Pepper's platform utterances were not only free from jargon, but were formed in flawless English.

Mrs. Vanderbilt had another valuable helper who performed the office, also of a kind and beneficent father—Dr. H. B. Storer. He often served as the antidote to harmonize the discords which sometimes fall to the lot of the spiritual worker, when those whom she seeks to uplift turn and rend her. The world always stones its prophets and crucifies its saviors.

Dr. Storer lived a long and exemplary life while his kind deeds and inestimable assistance to the beginners in our ranks as to the experienced workers, also richly blessed Mrs. Vanderbilt. He was a deep scholar, a fine orator and lived his religion of Spiritualism. For many years he was the highly esteemed president of Onset Camp, and was also deeply interested in the camp at Harwich. In gratitude for all she had received from him, Mrs. Vanderbilt said, on one occasion, that she should always officiate at Harwich every season, while she lived, a promise which she strictly fulfilled.

It was evidently a part of the divine plan that these two stalwart gifted men, on both the legal and spiritual planes, should be raised up to better fit this brilliant but untrained woman in her worthy efforts to comfort, instruct and uplift the world. Dr. Storer well deserves a longer, fuller tribute, but we are only now considering his share in the success and power of the life record of this gifted soul.

Bright Eyes as a personality possessed exceptional interest because she was able to identify herself in the memory of so many people. Living to about the age of ten or twelve years, she had been taken about in the West by her parents, who were Kickapoo Indians, and she had met many travelers.

When she had been serving as Mrs. Pepper's control possibly a dozen years, she was given an opportunity to prove her identity in a manner probably unsurpassed in the history of Spiritualism.

During a public seance in New Bedford, a man in the audience, a disbeliever in Spiritualism, who had been induced to attend the meeting somewhat against his inclination, was greeted by Bright Eyes as a former acquaintance.

"Why, hello, Mr. So-and-So," called she, in evident delight.

The individual so addressed declared that he knew

nothing about the spirit. Bright Eyes was not to be thus deterred.

"Yes, you do," she insisted. "You got my picture—you took my picture—" and she proceeded to give details as to how and when, away out West, this gentleman (who was a photographer) had taken the picture of herself, a small Indian girl.

The photographer upon his return home searched through his negatives. To his amazement and conversion, *he found the one which Bright Eyes had indicated!*

Perhaps there was no treasure dearer to Mrs. Vanderbilt than the little photograph, developed from that negative, which the photographer presented to her and which she wore in a locket. All the facts in this wonderful test of spirit identity were easily verifiable. Elizabeth Harlow Goetz, the well-known lecturer upon Spiritualism, relates that she was present as a speaker at the New Bedford meeting when Bright Eyes discovered in the audience the photographer who, years before and in a distant part of the country, had taken her picture.

Mrs. Goetz, from 1895 to 1898, was closely associated with Mrs. Pepper, giving inspirational lectures at which Mrs. Pepper delivered platform messages in many cities of New England. She relates a story of how when the two were filling an engagement in Boston, they lost their way in the streets—those streets which simply overlay the original cow-paths worn in the days of early settlement. Probably everyone who has visited Boston has been similarly confused, but these two bewildered ones had no need to seek assistance from mortals. Bright Eyes took the case in hand, and directed them safely to the house where they were stopping—a manifestation deeply impressed upon Mrs. Goetz's memory.

The message-bearing work of Mrs. Pepper antedated by a number of years her inspirational speaking, the latter phase naturally proceeding from the influence of different controlling mentalities. The following remin-



BRIGHT EYES

iscence, illustrating the early longing of this medium for the success in oratory which she later achieved, is quoted from an article by Mrs. Mary T. Longley, as printed in *The Progressive Thinker*, July 19, 1919:

“Knowing her well in her very first days of spiritual work, I realized even in that early time that she possessed wonderful powers of mediumship and of usefulness to the world. Like all newcomers and fledglings in mediumship, she had moments of depression concerning her calling and her gifts, and it was the part of some of the older workers to soothe, encourage and revivify her drooping spirits by their words of approval and prophecy of her work.

“I remember on one occasion, on a Sunday at Lake Pleasant, a group of us were gathered at a hotel dining table, chatting in friendliness. May seemed much perturbed over the prospect of her appearance on the platform at the afternoon service. We had just listened to a grand lecture by one of the noted speakers of the time, and this simple, sensitive girl felt that her work of the day would be entirely overshadowed because of what had gone before. We assured her that she would fill her part gloriously, and that her splendid message work—of which the public never could get enough—was far more likely to eclipse the discourses in the public eye than the contrary.

“Comforted a bit, she said she would be satisfied if she could only be influenced by good spirits to lecture on the platform instead of being just a medium. At this juncture Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, of Boston, spoke in a convincing voice, saying: ‘May, don’t worry. The time will come, and in a very few years, when your guides will be giving good lectures through your organism, on the platform here and in many places, and you will give messages too.’

“‘Oh, no,’ said May, ‘I am not the kind of medium for lecture work.’

“‘You are, and I know you will be in it some day, and not lose your other powers either,’ asserted Mrs. Hatch.

“We all felt convinced the prediction would be verified, as it was later, under the guidance of her spirit band and with the encouragement and help of Judge Dailey, of Brooklyn, who believed in her possibilities of inspiration, and that they could be developed.”

CHAPTER II.

IN MANY FIELDS

The message work of Mary Vanderbilt at all times possessed certain outstanding attributes: concise, sparkling, pointed, an undercurrent of kindliness forever streamed beneath it. Bright Eyes spoke her way into people's affections; other spirit guides inspired the medium through addresses and lectures to enkindle their intellects. New England was the especial acreage for the sowing of this spiritual as seed. In every town within its boundaries can be found those who think of Mary Vanderbilt as one who touched their gray lives with dawn, and cleared and clouded waters of their souls into crystal.

Beyond the borders of this home country, however, she often carried the colors of Spiritualism. At its yearly conventions the National Spiritualists' Association was proud to enlist such mediumship as hers as representative of the loftiest ideals of its organization. During the presidency of Harrison D. Barrett, this Association appointed Mrs. Pepper as one of its State agents to promote the best interests of true Spiritualism.

Time and again she served great crowds in the city of New York. The people of Washington were privileged to listen to her demonstrations. Her effective meetings, under the auspices of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn, are particularized herein in a subsequent chapter. Crowned heads summoned her from foreign lands.

But from such excursions afar, Mary Vanderbilt returned to favor New England with her efforts. Even when in later life the city of Brooklyn became her place of residence, she had no idea of circumscribing her sphere to include Brooklyn alone; the opportunity to seclude herself in luxury, which came to her with her second marriage, did not deter her from going steadily forward with her public work; and she did not neglect her beloved New England.

To chronicle completely her activities from the commencement of her platform work, is not possible. Here a newspaper account, brought out under impulse of her gift—yonder a letter, bespeaking a gratitude deeper than gold can repay or demand—such have been chosen for presentation here, to indicate in some measure the harvest of her middle years.

The appended letter bears a New York headline, dated 1898:

“Believing it is a duty I owe to myself and to you, as well as to those in search of spiritual truth, I send you a written statement of the fulfillment of a very remarkable prophecy Bright Eyes made for me when you were here last spring at Judge Dailey’s.

“I have for many years been engaged in mercantile trade in New York without even a reasonable hope of making a radical change, but you told me that before this year was out I would be engaged in the life insurance business.

“I certainly did not think it possible that such could be the case. I plainly told Bright Eyes she was surely mistaken. She said to me, ‘You wait and see,’ and greatly to my surprise this is the third week I have been engaged in a very new enterprise—life insurance—and I have been successful also, as you told me it would be from the start.

"I desire to say that you are the first and only person I have ever known to foretell so perfectly the coming of such an unexpected event. Other things of very great interest to me you have foretold with equal correctness, so that it seems absolutely certain to me that your spirit control can not only see and reveal to us the past and present of our lives but the future as well.

"I am all the more astonished from the fact that even now you personally know nothing of me of the business I have been engaged in for the greater part of my life.

"All the world should know you and bless you for the revelation you would bring to them; for without mediumship we are in absolute darkness regarding the future life, a belief which is sustained by faith alone from the dark ages down to the present day—no proof without Spiritualism.

"I thank you most sincerely for the unveiling of this truth."

In the same year, 1898, an address, delivered by Mrs. Pepper before the Haverhill (Massachusetts) Spiritualists' Union, was deemed worthy of quotation by the press:

"Spiritualism has outridden the gale of popular opinion, the clouds overhead are broken, and the dawn of a yet brighter day gladdens our souls. The glorious hope of immortality—the never-dying faith which animates the heart, that we possess individuality which shall never die, awakens courage, gives energy to character, and even victory over the conqueror, death.

"Though we may weep for the dead, let us salute the immortal; having become invisible in one existence, they become resplendent in another. As we mourn the loss of friends, so they rejoice in opportunities of reunion. The day will come when they shall visit every fireside, hold converse with us, and sit at our table on our sacred anniversaries.

"In the influence of the bright memories of our early defenders, and spurred on by their exalted example, may we be lifted to the mount of transfiguration, where, communing with their spirits, we may discern the sublime grandeur of the mighty truth of Spiritualism, for which they lived and labored."

Elizabeth F. Kurth, President of The Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, New York, in 1903, thus expressed herself regarding Mrs. Pepper's qualifications:

"As to reading the sealed letters placed upon the platform, this type of mediumship must carry weight with the most thick-skinned skeptic. In some cases two or three envelopes enfold the communications. She gives full names, locations, and often the innermost thoughts of those to whom the guides take her—all of this with a feeling of surety.

"Ten years ago May Pepper was considered a very good platform test medium; five years ago she was considered remarkable; today she stands as the peer of all demonstrators of spiritual phenomena."

At Lyric Hall, Boston, Mrs. Pepper must have appealed to the sense of justice on the part of a reporter, so fair-minded is his write-up:

"Judging from appearances, there is nothing unhealthy about a medium's occupation. All of the mediums present were remarkably strong and vigorous looking women. Mrs. Pepper, of Providence, is a particularly large woman with a beautifully modulated voice which she uses on occasion with dramatic effect.

"The reporter, endeavoring to find out facts from some of the people who received messages, heard this from a woman: 'I am not a Spiritualist; I merely happened to be passing, and dropped in. What Mrs. Pepper dis-

closed was known only to me. She gave my name, and the name of my husband, from whom the message came.'

"After the meeting the reporter approached Mrs. Pepper. She gave him a personal test, not in the same manner of certainty she had used when reading the sealed letters, but by asking him if one thing and another was not a fact. With one exception the statements were remarkably correct."

In Lynn, Massachusetts, during a month's engagement, it became necessary to turn away hundreds from the services. That the crowds flocking to hear her sometimes surprised the medium herself, is indicated by the following reminiscence, related by Mary Drake Jenne, secretary of the Maine State Spiritualists' Association:

"In 1909 it was my privilege to journey to Dover and Foxcroft with this illustrious woman, she having been engaged to serve the First Piscataqua Spiritualist Society. The management secured Central Hall, the largest in the two towns, and at first it was thought best not to use the two galleries. However, the crowd poured in, and they were obliged to open every available bit of seating room. Mrs. Vanderbilt herself grew nervous as she watched the people pouring in, and finally remarked, 'It's no use; you never can keep a crowd like that quiet, with so many young people.'

"But no sooner had she taken her place upon the platform than a hush fell upon the assembly, and all through the long service, consisting of a lecture and message service, she was listened to with the most rapt attention."

Will J. Maynard, in 1905, described one of the excellent tests received at Somerville, Connecticut, which he himself took pains to verify:

"Mrs. K., of Somerville, Connecticut, though skeptical in mind, attended a meeting and seance conducted by

May S. Pepper, and placed upon the table a ballot asking information regarding lost papers.

"After describing Mrs. K.'s husband, who had met death by accident, the medium alluded to papers which had been lost. Mrs. Pepper, I know, never had been in the village of Somerville before, and never had been in the section where Mrs. K. lived. However, the medium described the house, and the rooms upstairs. She said, 'I see an old-fashioned chest. If you will go to this and take out the drawers, in the back of one you will find the papers you have looked for.'

"Mrs. K. found the papers in this place, just as Mrs. Pepper had told her.

"Knowing of the circumstances and being interested, I called upon Mrs. K. and was shown the room and chest where the papers were found."

CHAPTER III.

RECOGNITION

Faithfully, constantly, in patience, but with ever-increasing power, Mrs. Pepper had built upon her talents through girlhood days and during a ten-year period of young womanhood, becoming better and better known throughout her native New England. Then, at the arrival of the twentieth century, her name came to be spoken as that of one of the foremost psychics in the world. On both sides of the Atlantic was she honored.

One of the distinguished people willing to publicly acknowledge a debt of gratitude to her was Dr. Isaac K. Funk, head of the publishing firm of Funk and Wagnalls. Notwithstanding his far-reaching business enterprise, Doctor Funk found time to consider evidences offered in proof of continuous life. A number of his letters to Mrs. Pepper are in her files. Never in any of these was there indication of a wish to seek for personal advantage, nor for any information of moment to himself alone. Excerpts from this correspondence will convey to the reader the unselfish attitude of Doctor Funk toward these matters :

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FUNK & WAGNALLS
Editorial Rooms of the Standard Dictionary

New York, April 15, 1903

I am very desirous of reaching a definite conclusion as to the possibility of identifying spirits in their

communication. Your friend, Judge Dailey, has kindly suggested that you might be willing to give such a sitting.

New York, Oct. 26, 1904

I take pleasure in sending you a copy of my book, *The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena*. You will find, beginning with page 218, I make reference to some experiments I had with a medium whom I call *Mrs. A*. This experience was with yourself. The readings by yourself are remarkably accurate.

New York, Feb. 16, 1905

I want to thank you again for your courtesy in allowing me the privilege you did last Sunday evening. Your handing to me the letters which you read at Sunday evening services, serves a very good purpose, as the people come up to me for the letters, and I can get their names and addresses. This will give more weight to the experiments with the public throughout the country. The important thing to keep in mind is not the thousand people who are in the building, but the millions of people throughout the country, and in fact throughout the world. who read the newspaper reports.

New York, Feb. 20, 1906

I wish I could get more cases worked up in a systematic way with you, which I could give. I have now used publicly all the effective ones I had of yours; that is, those that will carry weight with the outside public. I think little by little the public is being educated to the fact that there is *something in this*, and is becoming more willing to give "ghosts" a chance.

Doctor Funk was active in his efforts to advance popular knowledge of Spiritualism. His ready pen contributed effectively to its literature. While in his two published books he refrained from openly stating that

he held spirit communication to be a fact, in a newspaper interview appearing shortly after the publication of *The Widow's Mite*, he made no attempt to screen his views. His words at that time, in strong praise of the work of Mrs. Pepper, are here quoted:

"Mrs. Pepper has given me many readings during the past decade, in which I have never once had an inaccurate statement made to me. I have submitted her to many tests that would disprove the theory of telepathy in her accomplishments. I want to say, and repeat many times, and as emphatically as possible, that I know Mrs. Pepper to be perfectly honest and honorable and above any form of deceit. Having studied her work for many years I thoroughly believe that what she does can only be explained by the argument of Spiritualism—spirit forces acting through her.

"Mrs. Pepper's prayers are the most beautiful, really poetic supplications possible to hear or to conceive. Her sermons are helpful discourses that would lead men to live right lives if followed out.

"Hundreds of people go to hear Mrs. Pepper out of curiosity. Hundreds go to ridicule. Meanwhile she keeps right on with her work, and scores are compelled to embrace Spiritualism because of what they actually are told."

Again, in the *New York Herald*, Sunday, November 12, 1905, appeared an article by Doctor Funk on "Spiritualism," in which he chose to cite a noteworthy message.

"A case of unusual interest was brought to my attention. A boy at the age of two years lost his mother, and his father wandered away. He had reached the age of twenty-nine years when he attended one of Mrs. Pepper's meetings, and sent a communication to his mother, asking

for the address of his father. Mrs. Pepper gave an address in London, to which he wrote. The firm there answered that such a man had been in their employ, but had left three years before to go to Glasgow. The young man sent a letter addressed to his father in Glasgow, to which he received a reply. I investigated this case myself and am thoroughly convinced there was no collusion."

In 1907, Doctor Funk brought out his book, *The Psychic Riddle*. In it he included (page 172) the following piquant account of a test of Mrs. Pepper's mediumship:

"A gentleman who was connected with the University of Chicago, and who was a fellow in Semitics in the University, a clergyman, editor and teacher, with forty years behind him to back his discretion, sent me a sealed letter which he desired me to submit to a medium as a test. Receiving very many such requests, I threw the letter into a pigeon hole, with a little slip pinned to it showing from whom it came.

"One evening after returning home I made up my mind to visit Mrs. Pepper with an envelope which I myself had prepared. It occurred to me to take also some envelopes I had received. It was so dark in my study that I could not distinguish the envelopes, so I took one from the pigeon hole and unpinned the little identification slip and threw the slip on my study table. In my dressing room I saw that this envelope had no writing whatever on it, but had in each corner two faint pencil marks, and that the flap of the envelope, though sealed, was not protected with sealing wax. Where the four flaps of the envelope overlapped I dropped heated sealing wax, stamping it with a seal.

"I could not find out from whom this envelope came, although I tested it by microscope and bright light, and I did not know anything about what was in it. Entering

Mrs. Pepper's house I took my seat alongside the table, on which I placed my two envelopes. The second envelope the medium selected was the one I had taken from my pigeon hole and sealed before leaving home.

"The medium at once said, 'I hear the name Horacum or Horaca (all the names I give are fictitious, but the real names are as strange as those I give here), and I hear. "Pearl, Pearl; whose letter is this?" (There were fifteen or twenty persons in the room and nearly every one had placed a letter on the table.) I said, "It is mine," recognizing it by the seal. "Well, who is Pearl?" I said, "I do not know. Is Pearl the name of a person?" "No," after a moment's hesitation; "it is not the name of a person." Mother Horacum says, "Tell Eton that the pearl breastpin was not stolen; it was lost." You do not know what is in this letter. The man who sent you this letter is named Eton, and he lives in the west. This letter is addressed to a spirit named Horacum or Horaca, and was sent you by a man named Wilton.' After awhile the medium told me the name of the man was Eton Wilton, which I found to be correct on my return home, when I looked at the writing on the identification slip thrown on my desk. Without opening the letter I returned it to Mr. Wilton at the University of Chicago."

In reply, Wilton wrote me as follows:

"Mrs. Horacus, an old schoolmate of mine, died fourteen or fifteen years ago, leaving one little daughter. I have never seen the latter, nor communicated with her. She lives a thousand miles from Chicago. Last fall this daughter visited an aunt—unknown to me. I do not even know her name—and was presented with a beautiful pearl pin. Shortly after she returned home the pin was missing.

"Recently a relative of hers mentioned the above facts in a letter to me, and jocularly suggested that I find the pin, knowing I was making some psychic investigations. I have not written to this person since.

"I concluded to try an experiment through you. You did not know what the sealed question was. Ordinary mind reading, or subconscious mind, would be pretty well excluded. The sealed note was written on hard paper folded so that the writing was inside. Two thicknesses of paper were between it and the envelope. The writing was partly in colored ink, partly in copying pencil, not moistened, and written lightly so as to appear like ordinary pencil writing. Any moisture would bring out the real color of the copying pencil, and excess moisture would dissolve it. A thin strip of white tissue was passed through the folded note, the two ends glued to the envelope. Had the envelope been opened, the tissue would have been broken. As the tissue had been treated with a chemical, if anyone had replaced or duplicated the tissue strip I could tell by a simple test that this had been done. On the inside flap of the envelope was writing in dry copying pencil just above the gum, where it would have been reached by any liquid that might be put upon it to unseal the envelope or make it possible to read the writing inside.

"The question I asked Mrs. Horacus, read: 'Your daughter has lost a beautiful pearl pin, recently given her by her aunt. Can you tell her where it is?'

"Mrs. Pepper correctly obtained the name of the mother, entirely unknown to Mr. Funk, and the fact that the question concerned a lost pearl pin. Since she went no further than to arrive at the contents of the envelope without having opened it under test conditions, the conclusion reached was that she exhibited clairvoyance outside of any explanation that mind-reading or subconscious influence could have entered into the test. The writer of the letter had told no one that he intended submitting such a question. Mrs. Pepper therefore proved that she or her controls read the *sealed* letter. Since she did not locate the pin in this instance the practical result was ineffective."

Frequently, however, Bright Eyes was entirely successful in locating lost articles definitely. A letter, dated at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1904, states:

"I wanted you to know I found the lost ring just as you said you saw it. You said it was 'near something red.' I had a bunch of red berries over it."

In all his wide experience with psychic phenomena, presumably the most precious evidence Doctor Funk ever received came through the instrumentality of Mrs. Pepper. The story of this has been retold by Lilian Whiting, in *The Progressive Thinker*, February 16, 1907:

"I enclosed a letter to my mother in an envelope addressed on the outside with an initial, and on the inside with the word 'Mother,' and had it put on the desk after Mrs. Pepper was on the platform.

"My mother died forty years before that time in the west, and it is very unlikely that outside of my family anyone in Brooklyn knew her name or what caused her death.

"There was only one chance in some hundreds that Mrs. Pepper would happen to seize upon my letter, but picking it up, she immediately spoke my mother's first name (not contained in the envelope), and described her by a number of trifling but none the less important details of appearance. She said that, curiously, my mother seemed to walk as if using but one foot. Mrs. Pepper then inquired if I knew why she walked in this way. I asked, 'Can't she tell me?' In a moment Mrs. Pepper said my mother asked if I did not remember 'that needle.'

"The fact was, when I was a young man, my mother stepped off a chair and ran a needle into her foot. The needle had been sticking in the floor, point downward, so that the eye-end of it had punctured her thin slipper and run so far into the foot that in order to remove it I used a pair of pincers. Paralysis of the foot and limb followed and in a week she was dead.

"The question in my letter was, 'Will mother tell me what caused her death?' Mind reading might explain an incident of this kind, but evidence of the sure possession even of that power is exceedingly interesting.

"The next statement Mrs. Pepper made was that my mother was not alone, that she had by her side a boy child whom she called Chester, and said he was her grandchild. I did not remember any grandchild of the name of Chester, either dead or alive, and went away from the church that night with the opinion that this alleged child, Chester, was merely one of the unaccountable vagaries which frequently obtrude themselves into otherwise accurate phenomena.

"But I was mistaken. Making inquiry among members of my family, I learned that my mother did have a grandchild named Chester who had died in infancy about twenty years previously, in the west. This accounted for the fact that his identity was not recognized by me."

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, widely known as an author of books and magazine articles on hygiene, was another distinguished patron of Mrs. Vanderbilt. In a newspaper article, in 1912, he thus expressed himself:

"For many years I have been a student and investigator of that most interesting and fascinating of all sciences—psychic phenomena. I am tolerably familiar with the writings on the subject and have had some experience with the manifestations of Spiritism.

"The most convincing and irrefutable knowledge of these matters, however, has come to me through the marvelous psychic, Mary Vanderbilt.

"This remarkable woman is pastor of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn, and there she speaks inspirationally upon themes suggested off-hand by members of her audience. This is quite the best thing in impromptu speaking

I ever have heard. It is in her message work, though, that she presents evidence which in the annals of psychic research has not been surpassed. I have heard her give hundreds of messages—some of them most intricate and complicated in character—and I have yet to hear where she has erred.

“On several occasions Mrs. Vanderbilt has given me vivid and intimate messages from a brother who passed out a year or more ago. In part the information relating to his affairs was of such a nature that its significance and accuracy could only be determined after correspondence with friends back home.

“I hold Mrs. Mary Vanderbilt in the highest possible esteem as a dear friend, an honest and truthful psychic, and a woman who is doing a wonderful work in bringing help and comfort and a definite assurance of the continuity of life beyond the grave, to this gray old world.”

Another person indebted to Mrs. Pepper's qualifications at this time was S. B. Robertson, manager of a publishing house in New York City. Having purchased from a former partner the latter's interest in this publishing concern, Mr. Robertson thus acquired two large safes, with the combinations in cipher. Not long afterward, the man from whom he had bought the safes died; and to Mr. Robertson's dismay it was found that one of the safes could not be opened.

With the aid of her spirit assistants, Mrs. Pepper came into communication with the former owner of the safes. Explaining that a cog was loose on the inside of the refractory lock, this spirit gave instructions which enabled Mr. Robertson to open it.

That test would seem to comply with all requirements, an honest skeptic might impose. The experience was that of a competent business man, of dependable word; the information supplied was of practical value (in counterclaim to the cry that vaporings and not useful facts are dealt forth by spirits); the knowledge was outside the

possibilities of subconscious mind; and the purport of the message could not be called evil. The single loophole left for an antagonist would be the assertion that emissaries of Satan at times send excellent messages to lead people toward Spiritualism and apart from orthodoxy. If thinking beings prefer this last explanation, they are welcome to it.

It was about the year 1906 when Mrs. Pepper received a letter from a literary member of the royal family of Russia. In the envelope addressed to her was a letter enclosed in another envelope sealed in wax with the royal Russian seal, and the request that she answer the letter in the sealed envelope and return the answer with the seal unbroken.

She mailed the answer, as requested. In due time a reply came saying the answer was correct; and with it an invitation to come to Russia as the guest of the royal family.

There was some deliberation before Mrs. Pepper decided to go abroad, but eventually she accepted this invitation, giving seances at various cities on the European continent.

Mr. J. R. Francis, then editor of *The Progressive Thinker*, in a letter to Mrs. Pepper requesting that she furnish to his paper an account of her travels, stated that "she was one medium in whom he had unlimited confidence." In *The Progressive Thinker* of August 18, 1906, was printed an article by Mrs. Pepper, in part as below:

"Thousands of miles intervene between me and my native land, and while it is true that one can feel in all climes the sublime thought of Thomas Paine, expressed in the words, 'the world is my country, and to do good my religion,' nevertheless there is an indescribable yearning for that part of the world we call our native land,

that all the ethics and grandeur of past time cannot efface. Feeling this I send across the ocean to the readers of *The Progressive Thinker*, and the Spiritualists of America, a greeting.

"Being the guest of a countess and her family whose love and admiration for Emperor Wilhelm I. remains undimmed, although he is no longer in material form, I visited his castle and lived for an hour among the things he loved. I stood in the historical window where each morning for sixty years he reviewed his troops, and *where they claim he now appears*. Then I was taken to the castle of the present kaiser, through the gorgeous rooms where the 'lady in white' is supposed to walk and give warning of impending danger to the royal household.

"Many who would not believe in the phenomena of Spiritualism firmly believe these things, and in consequence unconsciously believe in the communication and apparitions of spirits.

"There are many organizations of investigators in Berlin, divided into lodges, which are secret societies on the principle of the Masonic orders in America, composed entirely of men. Women are not admitted members. They have their passwords, emblems and regalia. The places of meeting are called chapels. The largest and most influential society is named 'Psychic Lodge,' whose master, on reading that I was in the city, sent a messenger inviting me to attend a meeting where they expected to have a materializing seance. The medium, however, failed to appear. The chapel was brilliantly lighted, decorated with flowers, and with tall candles burning at a crucifix in the center. The men in their black velvet and gold regalia were very impressive.

"I felt in my soul the earnestness of these men and these sacred surroundings, investigating the most sacred thing that has touched the lives of humanity—the communication between the world material and the world

spiritual—and I bowed my head in reverence to those unseen influences who had made me their message bearer. Bright Eyes' inability to speak the German language was much to be regretted; but the look of amazement on the faces of many present and their expressions of wonder fully attested to her good work. It left a deep impression on them, as Europe has not produced any clear mental mediums.

"One exceptionally striking test was given to Professor Kredler, who has for a number of years been investigating, but who never had received a clear, concise test. He had read in the papers of Bright Eyes' reading of sealed letters, and brought one, sealed and labeled, asking in regard to a cousin of his.

"Immediately upon his handing up this letter, Bright Eyes said: 'There is a man with his hand on your letter, and he says he is your uncle, William Kredler, your father's brother, and you asked about his daughter, Veritas.' The rest of the message was of a private nature, convincing to him, because the names were not in the letter.

"Taking my hands, with tears in his eyes, in broken English he said: 'At last I have some tangible evidence to meet the skepticism of my friends,' and that within himself he felt he had spoken with his dead uncle.

"While there I was also the guest of Countess Moltke, whose son, Graf Moltke the Second, is the first general of the army, still keeping alive the name of Germany's greatest field marshal. As her guest I met many men and women of rank, and we constantly discussed Spiritualism over our dinner and coffee. I found that most of them, while not avowed Spiritualists, believe much in the phenomena.

"Also I have been the guest of Julius and Judge Max Nonweiler, who have become deeply interested in Spiritualism through letters from their sisters, who are members of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn.

"Tomorrow I leave for Darmstadt, the capital of Hesse, where I am to meet Russian friends of the cause who were so anxious for me to accept an engagement at St. Petersburg. The papers here are heralding the fact that the Czar is on his way to Darmstadt to consult a celebrated medium, he being an avowed Spiritualist.

"From Darmstadt to Paris, then home.

"And now let us as workers in the great vineyard of spiritual truth consecrate our lives anew to those unseen intelligences who will continue to bear their message to a waiting world."

In *The Progressive Thinker* columns we find this interesting culmination of the Russian visit of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"Remaining for several weeks as the guest of the Russian royal family, when the time of her departure came one of the ladies of the household brought her a tray of jewels, saying it was their desire that she take something with her as a more expressive token than mere words could possibly be, but they preferred she should make her own selection. She selected a beautifully wrought gold cross, set with six or seven large rubies and a number of small diamonds. Its money value has been estimated at several thousand dollars. It is the jewel she has often worn before public audiences."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE HEIGHTS

Stirred with a wish to establish a series of meetings in keeping with the highest religious aspect of Spiritualism, in 1904 a number of influential men of New York and Brooklyn united their efforts. As a result, a society, called the First Spiritual Church, was founded in Brooklyn in October of that year. The Aurora Grata Cathedral at Bedford Avenue and Madison Street having been secured for the organization, Mrs. May Pepper was chosen as leader and pastor.

In this movement the founders drew up a set of principles enunciating the scope of the prospective work, the sections definitely relating to Spiritualistic tenets standing as follows:

"We believe that the time is ripe for incorporating into the doctrines and tenets of all truth-desiring religious organizations an acceptance of the fact of spiritual communication between the physical and spiritual worlds; and in the absence of such acceptance, that wherever practicable, religious organizations should be formed which shall recognize such communion.

"We include, as the basis upon which we shall build. all essential truth, whether incorporated or not in other religions of mankind; and declare it to be our purpose to ascertain and make known what is true, especially of that which pertains to the spiritual nature of man; his psychic powers and possibilities; his relations to the spiritual world; and to encourage the judicious cultivation of spiritual gifts."



FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH AND PARSONAGE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The order of service comprised, besides spirit messages, readings from the scriptures, prayer, music with organ accompaniment, and a sermon or lecture. The addresses delivered embodied teachings calculated to lead toward human unfoldment. During one of her early lectures at this church, Mrs. Pepper, in voicing the following plea, struck the keynote to which she harmonized not only her manner of conducting a meeting, but the rhythm of her inmost being:

“Let us come here to consecrate our lives to God and build our church upon such a basis, that when we do pass to the other life we may claim heaven as our own and feel that we have earned it.”

The spirit messages given at the Brooklyn church were based upon written queries placed by members of the audience upon the desk or pulpit at the front of the auditorium. There is no doubt that this portion of the program formed the attraction which filled the place with capacity crowds. Yet there was no slipping toward sensationalism in any of this. The sacred nature of Spiritualistic philosophy had too solemn a hold upon May Pepper to allow her, in the instance of a single message, to swerve from a purpose to uplift. Seldom in Spiritualistic history has as long a term of meetings been held which, while offering vivid spirit demonstrations, gave such steadfast adherence to high ideals. And it is certain that if Spiritualism had at no time accomplished anything other than to present these services to the public, the record then established was sufficient to refute every objection ever raised to Spiritualistic claims. For at the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn the theories of mind reading and of subconscious mind as a source for messages given, were counteracted again and again; while the outrageous suggestion that “only evil spirits communicate” was relegated to the mental refuse heap, where it belongs.

Public attention having been aroused by these meetings, the Sunday night message service furnished much material for considerable newspaper copy; but it is to be noted that many of these news articles took on a tenor of respect not commonly accorded in the daily press to any psychic. Mrs. Pepper seemed able, in the sincerity of her own conviction and the end achieved by her mediumship, to bring all hearers to a mood of serious consideration.

Since any ordinary theory failed to account for the miraculous messages given at Brooklyn, skeptics insinuated that the medium substituted letters of her own for those submitted by the audience. A committee, of whom Doctor Funk was one, therefore sat upon the platform one evening, and rubber-stamped the letters as they were passed in. Mrs. Pepper then satisfactorily answered the letters, and thus this explanation was disposed of.

On an unforgettable night in Brooklyn, an astounding spirit demonstration occurred. Taking up a letter which had been placed on the desk, Mrs. Pepper declared that a skeptic had handed in that envelope and also a second one, both addressed to "Grandfather Figuera." No one present would acknowledge this.

The medium, however, instead of dismissing the incident, requested the spirit of Grandfather Figuera to aid her in finding the second letter to which she had reference. She then went through the motion of assisting an aged man to step to the desk.

It is to be remembered that Mrs. Pepper sometimes stated that when mentally within the conscious control of spirit forces, as in performing the platform message work, she usually saw the spirits exactly as she saw mortals. On this notable occasion her every gesture indicated that she thus perceived the communicator.

When she apparently had helped an invisible old man to wend his way to the platform, she paused. Then

while a breathless hush stilled the great audience, the heap of letters *began to move!* No mortal hands were on them. Presently one singled itself out from among the others.

When Mrs. Pepper picked up the letter thus separated from the general heap, a man present admitted that he had written both letters addressed to "Grandfather Figuera."

Whoever the old gentleman was, he surely lent his help to Mrs. Pepper and her spirit band, and took part in one of the most remarkable exhibitions of spirit power ever witnessed by a large assembly.

Since the dwellers of the next realm of existence were thus plainly perceived by this medium, since the spirit life was so real to her, it is not strange that Mary Pepper Vanderbilt yearned to devote her energies to preaching and teaching the truths of spirit communication, the overwhelming importance of which must confront every serious thinker. That this body of truth forms the core of the lessons taught in Scriptural writ, was also Mrs. Vanderbilt's conviction. To quote from one of her addresses:

"Spiritualism is rediscovered truth, brought out of the misty past, brought before men's eyes. . . . As the tomb of Jesus was rent and cast asunder, so is every tomb rent asunder, and every spirit resurrected."

The following messages, quoted from an issue of the *New York Herald* of that time, furnish examples of the kind of information usually given at the Brooklyn church, messages bespeaking a living affection which touched to the quick:

"One of the letters was addressed simply to 'Pa.' 'This is for Pa *Cohn*,' said Mrs. Pepper, and proceeded to give a message to a young woman who admitted the truth of it."

"In answer to another letter a spirit advised a young woman in the audience to return to Jamaica. The young woman stated that her home was at that place, and that she had left it some time previously."

"In another message, Mrs. Pepper inquired whether anyone of the name of Gaston happened to be present, further saying that in this connection the spirit of a woman was before her, asking to reach her son.

"When the name was acknowledged by a man in the hall, Mrs. Pepper continued: 'The spirit says she has seen the tribulations of the father, and has watched over her other boy. She says something about—a guinea—'

"'Guiana, the country,' interposed the man.

"'She says it would have been better for your brother if he had stayed there, but he was bound to go to Barbadoes.'

"'Yes, yes, he would go,' said the man.

"'She says if you have any influence over him, keep him out of the States.' Let him go back to Guiana, stick to his business there, and he will do well. Is this right, *Joe?*'

"'Yes, it is,' half sobbed the man."

To Spiritualists who are privileged to listen to platform messages from excellent mediums in the larger cities and towns or at the summer camps, the foregoing citation may not seem remarkable in tone; but it must be admitted that few psychics are of development so advanced that a succession of such tests can be offered during an entire seance. The spirit strength operating through Mrs. Pepper was of sustained power, and continual reception of clearcut ideas from the world of spirit was well within her possibilities. Thus some weight of evidence was shaped together in the case of every individual addressed, while in the course of any Sunday evening at the First Spiritual Church, some messages

would by chance deal with details so far removed from the ordinary as to leave lasting impression on the minds of those who heard them.

When such were noted in the newspapers Mrs. Pepper sometimes clipped and treasured the account. In this way the record of the following tests has been preserved:

"There is a spirit here named Neal. The person he comes to is deaf. She has never been in a place like this before. She knows nothing about Spiritualism.

"A young man acknowledged this message, indicating an elderly lady with him.

"The spirit says he is sorry he did not live to restore the money he took (he took some money from his mother). That he tried to get her to come to this meeting, in order to have a chance to tell her he is sorry he took the \$500.

"The young man stated that all this was correct."

"On a memorable night in Brooklyn, Mrs. Pepper made the statement that a spirit appeared before her with a pocketbook in her hand. The initials on the sealed letter Mrs. Pepper had picked up were K. W. W.

"A young woman in the audience raised her hand, but stated the spirit, so far as she knew, had nothing to do with a pocketbook.

" 'I am not mistaken,' said the medium. 'Was not this spirit's name Wallet? I hear the name Katherine Wallet.' This was acknowledged as correct."

The way in which the Brooklyn meetings registered themselves in the brain of an outsider, is sketched in the extract given below, which was printed in the *New York World* some time in 1905:

"Mrs. Pepper is tall, with the massive frame of women of mountain regions, but covered with the avoirdupois of the well-nourished woman, carried with the ease of

one who has a fair comprehension of the laws of physical being. She also has solved the question of platform garb.

"From the moment she appears she conveys to any sensitive person the impression of a dignified woman who knows she is under criticism and expects it; not a sanctified, about-to-be-sacrificed expression—neither one of antagonism to all her critics. She rather exudes the impression of a woman who submits and chafes under it all. This is intensified by her own way of alluding to herself and critics.

"‘You said,’ she will say, ‘that you guessed you would go to see “that Pepper woman”’; or sometimes it is “that Mrs. Pepper,”’ and then she invariably wreathes her mouth in an odd smile, as if she might as well laugh at it herself.

"It is said that Mrs. Pepper has devoted herself solely to the development of this power of communication, and that her great desire is to do good to those who need help from the spirits. In support of this it is a fact that a large majority of the messages she gives are designed to give advice to those in need of it.

"Over in one corner in a line with her chair sits Doctor Funk, who has been investigating Mrs. Pepper. He sits where he can watch her from the time she comes into the pulpit until she has finished. He can watch the pile of letters directed to spirit friends and laid there by the audience, and can watch Mrs. Pepper’s hands.

"There is no shivering, no rubbing of the eyes, on the part of Mrs. Pepper. There is no reference to any ‘little Indian control.’ There is no infantile prattle and jargon. From the moment Mrs. Pepper picks up an envelope from the desk and begins, ‘There is a spirit here—a spirit comes to me—’ except for the faint rustle of garments that accompanies the craning of heads to see to whom the message is to be delivered, the place is still as death.”

Another illustration of the effect of the meetings at the First Spiritual Church is contained in this letter :

"Since I became a Spiritualist I have endeavored to bring my church friends into this work ; many of them I have taken to meetings and circles. For some reason they always came away disappointed—not satisfied. On Thursday evening I invited a number of the members of Trinity Church to your meeting. Your tests have taken all doubts away from them.

"Much good has been done for Spiritualism by these meetings. Your clear, undeniable tests have lifted this beautiful truth to a higher place than it had in the past in this city."

Rev. Herman S. Wallace, of Portland, Oregon, has given an account of his experience at one of the Brooklyn meetings :

"Having lost some papers which I valued highly, it was suggested by someone that I seek the aid of Mrs. Pepper in locating them. She immediately detailed the manner in which I had lost them, and finally told me just where I would find them. She further stated in minute detail the nature of the undertaking in the interest of which I had come to the east. All that I had told her was that I was a Christian minister and had mislaid important papers.

"Though highly improbable, it was nevertheless possible that someone had informed her of my movements ; she might have had a confederate who investigated me, so I determined to employ another method. I wrote a letter and placed it on the table in her church. The letter bore the name of my hotel and my own name. I thought that this would suggest to her that I wished to know something further about my own business.

"But Mrs. Pepper did not snatch at the bait I had

thus placed for her. Instead she looked astounded, then called out, 'Why, Dr. Wallace, whatever can you want to know about a concert singer? What can a minister want to know about a singer?'

"Then, although the envelope had remained sealed and within my sight all the time, she told me just what my query was, and added that someone had asked me to write about this singer. That was perfectly true. A sister of the singer had asked me to find out whether she would return to the United States that summer. Mrs. Pepper then stated where the girl was staying in London, and when she would return."

CHAPTER V.

AMONG THE CAMPS

A movement in which Spiritualists in the United States have interested themselves for the past half century, has been the encampment idea. In the Northern States many such settlements have been established, where during the summer a season of public religious meetings is planned annually. Many mediums, including those not engaging in platform phases of manifestation, are attracted to these places, and private and semi-public seances of various kinds are in continual progress. In parts of the country where the climate is favorable for it, a similar session is held in the winter months.

The record of very many mediums highly developed in platform demonstration will show that they have taken part in the programs at the camps. Not a great many persons having strong psychical power, however, have also been qualified to act executively in forwarding camp work. Mrs. Vanderbilt possessed executive ability in marked degree. Her service as a member of the official board in more than one camp has been of the utmost value in carrying the affairs toward a material as well as a spiritual success. At the time of her transition she was president of Lake Pleasant Camp, Massachusetts, having served in that office for five years, and she had held for ten years the office of president of Camp Etna, Maine. Since this presidency meant that, in addition to her seances and addresses, she must preside at all large meetings, and serve as ex-officio chairman on all committees, some conception may be formed of how arduous were her camp duties.

There is at a Spiritualist camp an atmosphere of more penetrating psychic appeal than can be found in any indoor temple of worship. Many persons have observed the spiritual thrill which enwraps a visitor within some building long devoted to heartfelt religious service under any denominational head; this feeling may prevail alike in a dim lit, tumbledown shanty, or before the shining altar of a vast cathedral. Such is the vibration sweeping a great Spiritualistic encampment, where for years have gathered those to whom Spiritualism means not only a scientific pursuit, not only a philosophy upon which to frame psychological conclusions, but a strong religion whereon man's soul may anchor. Skeptics who take the trouble to visit the camps are usually honest inquirers. They have not dropped in by chance, but have made effort to attend in order to learn. The mere wonder-seekers are so far outnumbered by the reverent believers in the audiences, that there is no impatient rustle; no rudeness of whispered remarks competes with the words of any lecturer or giver of messages. There is silence in these assemblies—a silence pregnant with emotion—the silence in which angels approach.

If the subtle auraic effect at a camp accumulates force enough for its refreshing breath to be felt by many laymen, with what added gratefulness must it mingle with the sensitiveness of a psychic? An influence of this sort may have been a prime cause for Mrs. Vanderbilt's liking for camp environment. At any rate, it is safe to assert that she took greater personal pleasure in camp work than in any of her engagements in cities and towns. And, indeed, at the camps she was as a star of the first magnitude, whose radiance pointed the way for unnumbered throngs.

An announcement that she was to appear at Unity Camp, under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, would draw thousands to hear her lecture, which would be followed by marvelous tests. In 1907, at Unity

Camp, Saugus Centre, there were people present from Boston, Stoneham, Chelsea, Salem, Marblehead, Beverley, Swampscott, Newburyport, Melrose and Lynn—in such numbers that the auditorium was not large enough to accommodate the vast crowd which had come from far and near.

The camp at Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts, was noted for its endeavor to secure exceptional talent to grace its rostrum. When Mrs. Vanderbilt gave a discourse and messages at this place, the biggest crowd assembled there since the time of Ingersoll. In 1915 she became president of this Association, and held that office to the close of her earth life.

Before Camp Progress Spiritualist Association, at Upper Swampscott, many came from Salem, Boston, Beverly, Nahant, Lynn and other Massachusetts towns, while a large party came all the way from Providence, Rhode Island. From twelve to fifteen hundred people heard each of the addresses.

At one of her lectures at this session of meetings, she strongly voiced a bit of Spiritualistic knowledge which can not too often be reiterated:

“It is a grave mistake to suppose that all spirits who return after death are bad spirits. This is a thought which will turn people away from God. The character of spirits depends upon the lives they led before leaving their material bodies. If we lead noble, upright lives, we shall become as angels, but if we sin and do not repent we shall exist in the spiritual world in much the same unhappy way that we lived in the flesh.”

The camp at Onset Bay, Massachusetts, also repeatedly was favored with her presence. A few of the tests given there on one occasion found their way into news columns, thus making it possible to revive them in the words in which they were given:

"A spirit of a little girl wants to reach her papa. She gives her name as Mamie—Mamie—Benedict. Does anybody recognize this?"

"Here," replied a man.

"Do you know who George Keeler is?"

"I do."

"He says he was your brother-in-law."

"Yes; that's so."

"Another spirit comes, giving the name of Noah."

"Yes; I recognize him."

"The little girl says she passed away in your arms when she was five years old. How about that?"

"That is correct."

After a meeting at Compounce Camp, Connecticut, a newspaper account gave praise:

"Whether one believes in Spiritualism or not, one must admit that Mrs. Pepper is a fine platform speaker and a marvelously clever woman. In an address lasting three-quarters of an hour she held her audience spellbound, and then came the tests that occupied fully an hour. Sealed envelopes had been placed on her desk by many of those present. Picking these up apparently at random, Mrs. Pepper proceeded to tell what was the query contained therein. Not once did she fail, and it must be said that the information given was not the wishy-washy stuff most mediums deal out, but good, common sense matter. Not in a single instance did she fail to tell correctly all proper names that were in the letters. Whether this is mind reading or something else, it can be said that this woman is head and shoulders above most of those who practice her calling."

MRS. VANDERBILT AND CAMP ETNA

Serving Camp Etna for seventeen seasons, and acting as president of that Association the last ten years of her earth life, it is not extravagant to claim that Etna became to Mary Vanderbilt the dearest spot on earth.

The *Banner of Life*, in its issue of August 12, 1916, contained a bit about Camp Etna which Mrs. Vanderbilt herself had written:

"Sixteen miles west of Bangor, nestling among the pines in one of Maine's productive valleys, lies Camp Etna, the camp where Harrison D. Barrett received his early physical and mental training as well as his first spiritual lessons; and where, as president of the National Association of Spiritualists, he returned just twenty years ago, with a party of friends, which included Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader (of everywhere), Dr. H. B. Storer, president of Onset; A. J. Maxhan, the sweet singer, and the writer.

"Out of that party, today only two remain in the physical—Mrs. Cadwallader and the writer of this article.

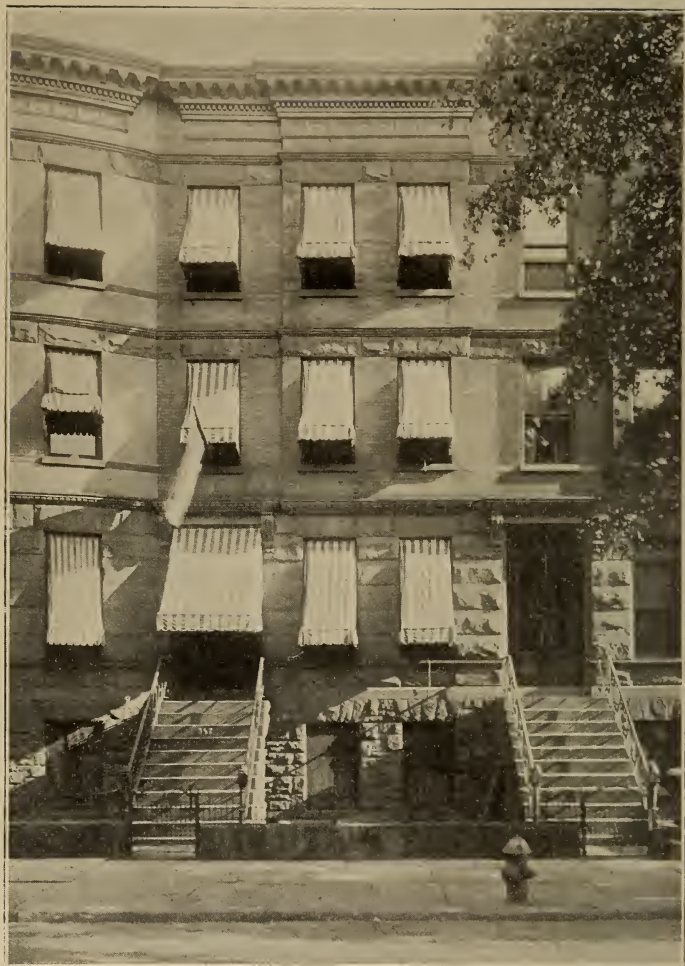
"Each year as I journey back to camp I review the years and what they have brought to Etna, and what Etna has contributed to the cause. Etna has the distinct honor of being the only Spiritualist camp where a nominee for governor came for strength and courage, and found the light in a personal message which his election verified. During his term of office as a mark of respect to Spiritualism he gave the camp a 'governor's day,' Spiritualism being the only religious cult receiving such an honor.

"From a small camp of early days when three or four hundred congregated on Sundays to hear our speakers, many thousands now constitute the audiences at our Sunday services. And all over Maine this great truth from Etna has shed its light, until to this Mecca of Spiritualism

have come Maine's most gifted sons and daughters. In consequence it became the birth spot of new thought along theological and scientific lines, and the baptismal fount of the knowledge of life's continuity."

Said a prominent Spiritualistic speaker, in alluding to the throngs at Etna: "They come in farmers' carts—in wagons—in anything—the Lord only knows how they all *do* get there." That hosts of people came was another reason why Mrs. Vanderbilt liked Camp Etna. It was possible for her to reach a multitude there. She has said, "I like large audiences; I like *light*," explaining that with a small number of people there may not be many who reach out strongly to friends in spirit; or most of those present may have led colorless lives, with few points upon which to strike an electric contact to fire not only one soul but scores.

The airy, open auditorium of a camp will permit larger numbers than could be accommodated in a city church or hall, to listen comfortably. Further, a wider territory can be drawn upon for a camp audience. But given these two conditions, a speaker or medium must be truly great who can continue to attract audiences averaging five thousand. Therefore a rare endowment is chronicled in a single statement when the fact is set down that at Camp Etna it was no uncommon thing, upon ascending the rostrum, for Mary Vanderbilt to face TEN THOUSAND people, drawn there in the hope and knowledge that she would act as interpreter for the angel world.



HOME OF MRS. VANDERBILT
587 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNSET

The 1918 season at Camp Etna, Maine, was marked by many special features. Mrs. Vanderbilt had arranged an especially attractive program and when she returned to her Brooklyn home in September after her strenuous camp work she became ill, but after a short time insisted upon taking up her work again.

Then she was taken with influenza which left her so weak that for a time her life was despaired of. However, with her determined will she fought off the illness, during which she was tenderly cared for; and as time went on she felt that she would like to go among the Spiritualists of New England in the hope that meeting and greeting them would give her new strength.

Mrs. Vanderbilt went to Providence, where she stayed with an old friend, Mrs. Lowe. Later going to Boston to consult a specialist, she grew rapidly worse and for several weeks was unable to leave the Parker House. Everything that loving hearts and capable hands could do for her was done to no avail. Her spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

HER LAST ADDRESS

The seventy-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was being celebrated in Berkeley Hall, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Association.

Although Mrs. Vanderbilt had been so ill that her life was despaired of, she felt the spirit urge, and insisted upon attending the exercises.

Accompanied by her sister, Miss Harriet Scannell, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader and Mr. Luey Hill, Mrs. Vanderbilt went for the last time to a Spiritualist meeting. There in Berkeley Hall she delivered an address—her valedictory.

The ovation accorded her by the audience, who knew she had been ill, and were glad to see her out again, was a heartfelt testimonial to her worth and her work.

President Wiggin welcomed her to the platform. "Words," said he, "cannot express my gratification at your being here and at my being honored in giving you welcome and presenting you to the people."

Amid an enthusiasm that was unbounded, Mrs. Vanderbilt rose to her feet, and in a voice trembling with emotion dwelt upon her first appearance at Berkeley Hall, almost twenty-four years earlier. It was, she said, as if a procession of spirit witnesses passed in vision before her, as she named Dr. H. B. Storer, Amelia Colby Luther, R. S. Lillie, J. D. Stiles, Frank Baxter, W. J. Colville, W. Banks, Harrison D. Barrett, and many others.

"They have gone to their reward." Mrs. Vanderbilt declared. "Who will take their places?"

Her voice rang out strong and clear as she declared her devotion to Spiritualism.

Earnestly she urged all to be steadfast to the call of the spirit, to be true to the cause of Spiritualism. She recounted the blessings that had come to all through the knowledge of continued life. Every eye was upon her. Many of those who were gathered at the meeting never expected to see her again. She spoke with deep feeling, every word emphasized as though she wanted to impress her statement upon her hearers.

"My friends," she said as she finished, "I have found Spiritualism a good thing to live by; and I have come pretty close to finding it a good thing to die by."

This was her last public utterance. It will be remembered upon each anniversary. No recanting, no thought of anything save that Spiritualism had been her staff through life, and that she had found it safe to lean upon even to the end.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The call promoting her to a higher plane came with sudden announcement to the world of Spiritualism. But here and there, for some months previous, her words had shown that she subconsciously sensed or had been in a manner reminded that "some day the silver cord shall break." It was in her native New England—at Boston—that her spirit emerged from earth conditions on Sunday morning, April 27, 1919. Close to her at the time was the love and affection of those then nearest in her life—her husband, E. W. Vanderbilt; her sister, Miss Har-

riet Scannell, and a lifelong friend, W. R. Fales, of Providence, Rhode Island. It may well be said that a mighty leader has fallen a tower of strength to the cause of Spiritualism has passed to eternal life.

It was in compliance with her request that the ashes of her body were interred in the camp ground at Etna, Maine. On that spot has been placed a New England boulder, with the simple inscription—

MARY S. VANDERBILT

1919

Not a long life, but one rich in results—one which may be chosen as a model of perseverance and devotion to the perfecting of a God-given talent. Yet it is more than this. It represents the use of that talent in such a way that a light shines back upon the memory of Mary Vanderbilt out of the hearts of thousands; that greatest light in the keeping of human kind—Love.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSITION SERVICE OF MARY SCANNELL VANDERBILT

REV. FREDERICK A. WIGGIN, PASTOR OF UNITY CHURCH
OF BOSTON (MASS.) OFFICIATING

The transition services were held at the residence of Mrs. Herbert Lowe, in Providence, Rhode Island.

So lifelike was the appearance of the deserted body, that it seemed its tenant might be quietly sleeping, surrounded by flowers. Into the silence of those assembled came the hymn, rendered by a male quartette, "Lead, Kindly Light." After a prayer and the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm and other selections, the singers followed with "When the Mists Have Rolled Away."

Mr. Wiggin was deeply affected when he said:

"For about thirty-four years I have known Mrs. Vanderbilt as a public worker. Her labors in behalf of Spiritualism have been distinctly marked and affirmatively telling. I have known her equally well and long in private life.

"As a Spiritualist she was fearless and intensely earnest. I make a conservative statement when I say Mrs. Vanderbilt, as a chosen instrument of the spirit-world, brought more comfort to sorrowing hearts than any other woman of her time.

"The principal thing the thinking world desires is simply happiness. By spirit-voiced messages she brought happiness to thousands upon thousands.

"When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others write so eloquently upon matters psychic, the whole world reads with unusual interest all they say upon the subject of Spiritualism—and this is as it should be. But how few, while reading the words of these great men, stop to think that these writers would have nothing of value to utter concerning spirit phenomena if it were not for such mediums as Mrs. Vanderbilt was; through whose organism the spirit world poured forth with such great abundance, the truth that life really continues after physical dissolution, and that the so-termed dead do actually return.

"The name of one who has been an instrument whereby even a single genuine message has been brought to earth's people from a higher life, should be immortalized. Mrs. Vanderbilt brought not merely one, but hundreds of such messages, through the help of her spirit guides.

"Our arisen sister was a profound thinker upon matters pertaining to Spiritualism. She was a strong and consistent advocate of a thorough organization of the followers of this cult. She was an eloquent speaker, and in a forceful, telling manner drove home to thousands the truth of spiritual philosophy. As a psychic she was excelled by none. How many have hung upon her utterances, as impelled by her guides, for some word or words to relieve them of sorrow and depression. How many thousands have received from her guides the magical words that did replace their gloom with joy!

"Quietly yet effectively Mrs. Vanderbilt gave great help to many a medium struggling to acquire added power as a psychic and seeking opportunity to express it when acquired. There are many who are grateful for the help she gave them. She was liberal of her rare talents and

of her money. Many a strong Spiritualist society owes its strength to her generosity, her earnest, unselfish aid, her freely bestowed benefactions. Many an individual life has been brightened by her encouragement and her liberality. She never stinted effort nor aid where either was needed. Her good deeds done among the poor and needy were many indeed, but never ostentatious. She sought to do what good she might, but always with a hidden hand. The good she did was done for its own sake; with never a thought of its becoming known or bringing thanks. The first law of life is service. If anyone ever lived by that law, she did, quietly, as a matter of course. It was her way.

"My stammering tongue almost fails me, for as your hearts are heavy, mine is too. If I were permitted, I would sit among you today, silent with my tears. But I must honor a request our arisen sister made of me, and speak, now that her lips are silent.

"Some, seeing the still form lying there may ask, 'Where is the living soul-principle that only yesterday animated that form?' We feel sure we can answer that question.

"Even while confined by the limitations to which all flesh is heir, one can feel a love that is strong; but those limitations often restrain its expression. Once we are emancipated from them, we will find that the real self is love. Physical bondage holds it from being where those are toward whom it most stressfully yearns.

"Those whom our dear sister loves are many indeed, but some, dearest of all to her, are paying loving tribute to her memory. She would express her love still to all whom she loved, and we know she is no longer prevented from doing so since the soul has no limitations; and it is at once the logical thing to expect her to be where those she loved are; and she is here with you. I can seem now to see her smiling face, to hear her voice. She would not have us call her back into the body of flesh.

She is now of the spiritual body; for her there is only life and happiness. She would not be called back, but rather is she calling us to that fair land. To one and all of you she will sometime speak again face to face, and her words will be not a sad good-night, but a glad good-morning."

The quartet then sang "Abide With Me," after which Mr. Wiggin pronounced the committal service.

The deserted body was later taken to Forest Hill for cremation, and, at her request the ashes rest at the Etna (Maine) camp grounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

REV. F. A. WIGGIN

Sunday, May 25, 1919, Unity Church

Boston, Massachusetts

It is particularly fitting that we gather here in commemoration of our sister and her work. My memory goes back to the time when she stood here in the physical form, speaking to an audience which filled every seat in this large auditorium.

I wonder if the people who flocked here and elsewhere for her messages, remember her for what she has done for them?

Are we Spiritualists after the loaves and fishes, and less anxious for the truth which blesses us?

I have already paid my tribute to her life, for love has no tribute.

It is an all-enduring, everlasting love.

Love never forgets, it merely feels.

No one can describe what love is. Love is so large.

No human tongue can express it.

I often wonder what love is.

Why do we mourn for the physical loss of a friend? Did we become fully acquainted with the soul of that friend, and the spirit which never dies?

Why should we mourn when the tenement dissolves? Is it not because we were not so well acquainted with the real spirit?

I am convinced by experience that those we love we never forget. We do not need any photograph of the physical body by which to remember them.

It has been said that our sister reached many people with an uplift.

She certainly convinced them of the continuity of life, a conviction which in itself is an uplift.

Mrs. Vanderbilt had spiritual vision in a remarkable degree.

When she was at Lakewood, where I was President for nine years, and introduced her to the people many times, it was wonderful to note how crowds came when she was going to speak.

Why did she attract so many people? Was it because she was advertised largely?

When you advertise an inefficient individual, you hasten his downfall. If one of merit occupies the platform, the people come again.

She touched some part of human nature with a spiritual message, which carried convincing testimony to the one receiving it.

Sometimes it seemed only like the snap of a finger, and every doubt vanished.

She was a medium after my own heart.

One feature I admired, was, her fearlessness and determination.

Though as kind as generosity itself, she could cut off some people with a word. In the case of other messages, when the individual receiving one for the first time, and was touched to tears, I have seen May shedding tears also.

Her heart was so large, the ordinary person could not comprehend it.

She was never satisfied with less than the best.

She fought her way along the path of contention, largely from Spiritualists.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, wherever she went, stood between the living and the dead.

We are the dead and the world of the dying; she spoke from the world of the living to the world of the dead and the dying.

We must remember her for far more than her messages.

MISS SUSIE C. CLARK

“You call her dead!

And yet she lives and loves! O wondrous truth!

'Neath golden skies she breathes immortal youth!

Look upward! Where the roseate sunset beams,

Her spirit form amid the brightness gleams.”

Among the many just and richly deserved tributes paid to our arisen sister by our pastor, mention was made of her great generosity of heart, her helpfulness to younger mediums and other workers.

For this statement made me hark back to the experience of a young woman whom I knew, who once made a visit to the Lakewood Camp in Madison, Maine.

She was a stranger, save to one or two of the talent.

She arrived after dark, and alone, and expected to remain unnoticed and unknown while enjoying the work of others.

There was an open conference or discussion that evening, upon the subject of healing, and our sister, May Pepper she was then, was called upon for her remarks.

She came forward and regretted that she was incapable of giving the audience much light upon this theme. Her appointed work lay along different lines.

“But,” said she, with emphasis, “we have a visitor with us this evening, who can tell you more about healing in five minutes than I could in a week. My contribution

to your subject in comparison with hers would be like one little wavelet to the broad lake out here."

And so the stranger was brought forward and introduced to the notice and acquaintance of all, and her small light made visible through the generous kindness of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Now wasn't that a beautiful thing to do? So thoughtful, self-eclipsing; and she did not know it would be remembered and rebound to her credit and praise, after her kind heart had ceased to beat.

Many other instances of her generous service could be recalled, but this one will always remain a beautiful memory to that visiting stranger.

When she was pastor of a church in Brooklyn, on one occasion she was giving a prolonged message to a woman in the audience, when suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, she shouted to a policeman standing in the doorway:

"Officer, seize that boy going by you! He has just stolen the purse of the lady sitting next to him."

And then she proceeded with her message without the slightest break in interest, or in the quality of her clairvoyance, while the officer went after the lad and recovered the stolen wallet.

It would seem sometimes as if she had, like the angels watching above us, an all-seeing vision.

At another meeting in the same hall, she gave the name of a spirit to a gentleman sitting near the front, who resolutely refused to recognize it as one he had ever heard of.

Mrs. Vanderbilt contested that the spirit said he knew him, and as further proof of his identity, he would say that he went out of life by being murdered.

Again the man protested his inability to recall the name or incident, and the medium finished her message by saying:

"Well, the spirit says it is very singular you cannot recall him, since you are the only person on earth who knows who murdered him."

Whereupon the man seized his hat and hastily left the hall.

Perhaps in the future, when wars are over and the planet grows riper, we shall have even more wonderful media, but let us appreciate and give thanks for this rare flower of mediumship, this queen of the spiritual platform—Mary S. Vanderbilt.

"Call her not dead.

O speak not thus! Her tender heart you grieve
And 'twixt her love and yours a barrier weave,
Call her by sweetest name, your voice she'll hear,
And through the darkness like a star appear."

MRS. NETTIE HOLT HARDING

My thought goes back to our sister's first engagement in Berkeley Hall. How many of her hearers since then have gone into the spirit-world far more beautiful than they would have been but for her ministry!

To me, this going out proves the beauty of Spiritualism, for she brought sweet comfort and consolation to human hearts. To me it is only taking a broad and beautiful journey, which every human soul must take sometime, when we shall clasp hands with those who have preceded us, and our own souls will be illumined by the power of Spirit.

Our dear sister and co-worker had traveled and spoken all over the country. How many thousands she has reached and convinced them of the continuity of life!

Let our thoughts go to her companion, may the sunshine enter his home and bring back to his consciousness the sweet voice which now is silent.

These flowers bespeak the love felt for her spirit.

Lakewood has been mentioned here, and this brings the thought of how she is loved throughout the State of Maine.

Let us gird on our armor and go forth in the pathway she trod, not doing just her work perhaps, but giving forth that which is within us; and some day our acquaintance with our sister shall be renewed, and the glad handshake will be ours.

MRS. H. C. BERRY

The lips are closed, the heart ceases to beat, the voice refuses to speak; yet Mary S. Vanderbilt, your friend and mine, in whose memory we have met this Sabbath morning, still lives.

No one has ever come into the spiritual field of labor, whose work has been recognized so widely, as hers has been. No one was so tender in feeling as she, for those who had not reached the heights she had. Truly, she will be remembered by what she has done, and hundreds all over the land will look up and call her blessed.

We, who understand something of Spiritualism, know that as she becomes stronger, and her aspiration goes out, we will get kindly messages from her.

Let us do the best we can, not so well as our friend has done perhaps, but our best, and she will smile upon and bless us. She will be watching and waiting for you.

Let us live realizing the stupendous power about us.

Then when we go hence, those we love and who loved us will receive us with a gladsome smile.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIBUTES

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE

E. W. VANDERBILT

"Come, see the man who has told me everything."

This was the exclamation of the woman who was at the well, when the Master appeared, and she ran to her friends trembling because this great communication was received by her from a stranger.

In rehearsing the short life of Mrs. Vanderbilt, the words of the woman at the well have been repeated many times during the administration of her wonderful power of spirit communication.

The little boy in a strange land, whose mother had left him and became a spirit—and he was lost to know where to find his father. Then he wrote a letter to his spirit mother asking the question, if she could tell him where his father was. His spirit mother came to Mrs. Vanderbilt and told him to write to a certain city where his father was, and he would receive a communication from him. The little fellow brought the communication to the meeting and read it to the audience, showing what his angel mother had done for him.

This is only one of the myriads of the communications that came through Mrs. Vanderbilt to those who were sorrowing in heart; and in one case was ready to destroy her body life. She too wrote a letter to her spirit mother, and laid it on the altar at the meeting. Then that spirit mother came to Mrs. Vanderbilt and

told her daughter to give to the medium the bottle she had in her pocket and then gave her directions what to do and so helped her out of the predicament she was in, through which she was going to destroy herself.

These two little instances were only a few of the great many communications that came to her from those who had passed into the spirit life, and wanted to relieve those who were in distress, in despair, and were almost giving up hope; and at the last moment turned to her meeting, with letters and communications to those in spirit life, for guidance and help in order to overcome the struggle and the suffering and the doubt that was surrounding them in this material life here.

When we compare her great and noble work, unselfish, but so imbued with her religious faith that the spirit world had educated her into, it was like feeding the multitude, as the Master did with his few loaves and fishes, by which the blessing extended beyond the limit of the comprehension of the mortal, into the comprehension of spirit. It was like sowing good seed on good ground, and it produced more than a hundred-fold of blessings to those who attended her meeting. It gave them new life and inspiration. It showed them where the fountain of living waters was continually flowing to those who were in need.

So as mortal lips try to express the meaning of those great communications, it is like asking an infant to repeat the Ten Commandments given to Moses. It is beyond the comprehension of the mortal to solve the spirit, and I do not wonder that they went away mystified, unable to comprehend the great work she was doing, standing as an ambassador from the angel world to this. Then, do you wonder, when the truth of Spiritualism was expounded by facts and reality that the evil-doers did not want their life read to them, and when one in that great audience had committed wrong, and was denying the truth of that communication, when the spirit

pointed to him, saying, "You know the man who committed the act, and you cannot deny it"—he suddenly left the audience, condemned because he was the guilty one.

How many people walking in the high paths of life today would want the Book of Life opened to their friends in this world, telling of the acts done in the body, which they thought were hidden, but were recorded and every act known to the spirit world?

The reformation coming to this world is going to be from spirit communication; the two worlds blending as one will purify this world; and it is stated in that Great Book that the second coming of the Master would be with power. What is more powerful than an angel bringing testimony in regard to the guilt of the person on trial? Can they deny that? No. Therefore, people are afraid of spirit communications, because they know they are true. When Mrs. Vanderbilt brought these messages, could they be denied? No. No one can contradict the spirit, because the evidence is so powerful that they condemn the guilty one by his own speech.

So if I made a memorial of her work, greater books would have to be made, and as her work was of a personal nature, relieving a personal sorrow, helping the doubter and giving fresh encouragement to the discouraged. It is beyond the reach of memory to record all messages because each would have to testify for himself and tell of the wonderful truth of the messages received.

Do you think for one moment, now that Mrs. Vanderbilt has left the earthly body, that she is still idle, not taking an interest in the welfare of those left behind? No. Her power now is not limited by matter material, as we understand it, because she is in the spirit world, the ambassador of an angel bringing communications to this and all those great mediums are working in the same line. That is the power of thought coming to the world today.

Mrs. Vanderbilt took the place of the great arch that

spans two worlds and connects them together. Over that arch came the messages from the other shore to this, and many a soul was made happy and rejoiced over the information received which was brought by a messenger coming over that arch from the other side.

Now all is still because the arch has disappeared and the messenger no longer can travel over it. We are left on the shore of time, wondering when the arch to eternity will be spanned again.

It is true there are many arches still left, but not the great arch that Bright Eyes came over so often with messages of good cheer and help to the weary and the down-trodden and those who were in despair.

May the great loss be a lesson to us that we live more in spirit than in body. That the spiritual nature be the prominent nature of our lives, and the message left by the Master to His disciples, just before His departure be the message that Mrs. Vanderbilt has left for you all: "See to it that ye love one another and thus grow in spirit."

A SISTER'S TRIBUTE

HARRIET SCANNELL

Boston, Massachusetts

How like a great oak Mary S. Vanderbilt stood the blast of many storms, of ridicule and persecution. Never once did she falter, but moved ever onward and upward, climbing the stairs of her Gethsemane. She voiced the message of spiritual truth and unfoldment to a waiting world. Inspired, she stood before great throngs, touched with the inspiration from the spirit-world, and said to humanity: "We live again after the change called death. We are just as much spirit today as we ever will be. So-called death does not put so much as a comma in the

way." There she stood, divinely gifted, the chosen instrument of the spirit-world, giving health, love and comfort to others, forgetting self, but always working for the uplift, the betterment of humanity, and the cause she loved. She needs no epitaphs. The spiritual truth she taught, the great universal soul she was, the help she gave in loving service to humanity—these are her monuments.

AN APPRECIATION

by

M. E. CADWALLADER

Never had pen of mine a more unwilling mission than to chronicle the transition of the one whose life and labors had been so fruitful of results. But the blow has fallen. The angel of death has touched the eyelids of our friend and coworker. She has gone to rest. The loss is not merely personal to us. It is a calamity to the cause of Spiritualism.

When after a long illness an operation was decided on as the only chance of prolonging her life, there was every hope given by the attending physicians and surgeons that all would be well. Hope beat high in the hearts of her loved ones. Thousands prayed for her recovery. "All is well," came the message from the physician. Then suddenly came a collapse, and the brave heart that had throbbed so long for the sorrows of others in a desire to comfort them ceased to beat, and Mary S. Vanderbilt entered eternal life, there to reap the harvest of her efforts here on earth.

Words are inadequate to express even a tithe of all that has been accomplished by this beloved and wonderful

woman, whose love for Spiritualism was so intense that for her no sacrifice was too great to make in its service.

Thirty-six years a medium in public and private. What a record! Life is made up of heart throbs, not of years, and none but she could tell us of the heartaches that marked her progress.

The history of Spiritualism cannot be written without the record of her achievements. Her fame is world wide. Little did those who first heard her foresee that the gift she possessed would take her into the highest courts of the world. Yet the time came when royalty bowed to her powers.

New England is in mourning today because of the passing of this brave, gifted woman, for New England seemed to have a special claim upon her. On every side is heard, "No one can fill her place." From Maine to Rhode Island she was acknowledged as their leader. She was president of Etna Camp in Maine; President of New England Camp Meeting Association, Lake Pleasant; President of Com-pounce Camp Association; Vice-President of the Connecticut State Association of Spiritualists, and connected with Unity Camp, Lee, Massachusetts, and Harwich Camp. She was a born leader. This was so fully acknowledged that the New England leaders came to depend upon her in all emergencies.

It was only necessary to announce her name to have any auditorium crowded by those who were hungry for a message from "Bright Eyes," the spirit guide who was so closely associated with Mrs. Vanderbilt as to seem almost a part of her very being. Though New England claimed her, she belongs to the world. Etna Camp was her pride. Here she ministered to thousands upon thousands. As many as ten thousand people have gathered at one time hoping to get a message.

She was fearless in her denunciation of wrong. She never would tolerate the slightest deviation from the high standard she set for mediumship. Spiritualism was to her a religion, her mediumship a sacred trust that she would have guarded with her life. Those in her closest friendship knew she would have forfeited everything of earthly value rather than break faith with her angel guards. She realized to the full that "labor, suffering, and reproach" are the three stars that shine brightest in the crown that adorns the brow of fidelity.

Her work was not confined to New England. For five years she was pastor of the First Spiritual Church, Brooklyn. It was during this time she attracted the attention of Mr. Isaac Funk, author of *The Widow's Mite*. He became interested in Spiritualism, and tested her in every way possible, only to realize that her mediumship was beyond question or cavil.

Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, and many other cities were the scenes of her labors. She attended many national conventions during the early years of her mediumship, but for many years after that her work was public, except for those few close friends who were privileged to receive messages from her.

In 1906 Mrs. Vanderbilt went to Russia by special invitation from the imperial family. Nicholas, the late Czar, made every effort to have her stay in Russia, where she gave many sittings to the members of his family, who in every way expressed their appreciation; and many notables of Europe were privileged to talk with her spirit guides. In Germany members of the emperor's family, and many of the court officials, expressed their appreciation of her work. In England the late King Edward received her. Every inducement was made to have her remain in Europe, but she preferred to work among "her own people," as she called the Spiritualists of the United States. She was away about a year.

In 1907 she married E. W. Vanderbilt of Brooklyn, New York. This union brought her a devoted affection and surrounded her with love so unselfish and untiring that her life was made happier than it ever had been. When she became weary with her labors she returned to her beautiful home in New York, and there she found always a heaven of rest. Mr. Vanderbilt did everything in his power to make her life complete. To him her mediumship was a divine gift. He looked upon her as an instrument of the angel world. Her passing has brought him a profound sorrow, but he realizes that she can and will communicate with him; and he can rejoice that she is freed from the pain-racked body that confined her soul.

Her sufferings are over. If she could speak to us she would say to each, "I have only gone a little way ahead, and you will follow. In the meantime I can and will come back. In your hours of sadness I will be near to bless and cheer you. Keep on with my work. Do not let the seeds I have sown die, nor the labors of my life perish because I am not there to carry them on. Instead, as has been said, 'Let my love be as a thousand springs to inspire you to do your part in this great work for humanity.' Comfort the sorrowing, carry on the message. This do I bid you."

Mrs. Vanderbilt has gone from our mortal sight, but she is not dead. Freed from the limitations of her earthly body, she will be a power in the spirit world that will be felt. Her loving memory will live in our hearts. She needs no marble monument. Her deeds live, and multitudes will rise up to call her blessed; and so we say not farewell, but adieu until we meet again. You are now promoted to a higher grade. You have had your diploma from this primary school of life, and have entered upon the way to eternal progress.

ELIZABETH HARLOW GOETZ

Baltimore, Maryland

Mrs. Vanderbilt overcame some of the mightiest obstacles any woman ever conquered. From an unknown girl she grew to be a woman of power and international fame. She was strong, but sympathetic; firm but just; sometimes aggressive, but always FOR RIGHT.

In her higher birth we have lost from our platform one of the greatest, if not the greatest, demonstrator who ever graced it. She stood out, a lone star in all its glory.

I personally feel this great loss. While in our later years our lives have drifted apart in the work we have each had to do, yet the tie of friendship never has been broken; and we often communicated and felt the warmth of the past.

She has gone in the height of her womanhood and power. This is the closing of a most remarkable career, a most perfect day.

REV. WILL J. ERWOOD

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

No history of Modern Spiritualism could be complete without a record and a full appreciation of the great work of Mary S. Vanderbilt. So many have stressed the great loss sustained by Spiritualism through her transition, that I have no desire to dwell upon that phase. The loss is beyond computation; yet her work lives in every human being brought into Spiritualism through her ministrations. Her work impressed and still impresses me—it was of such unusual character and force. During the last seven years of her labors it was my privilege to have her on the platform of the First Association of Spiritualists in Philadelphia. To relate a few instances will be to add but a faint tribute out of all that might be said, but these instances are of a nature that none may gainsay.

Out of the many examples of her great mediumship, the following are good specimens: One evening in the early spring of 1918, Mrs. Vanderbilt was holding one of her memorable message services in our Temple, when I saw come into the room a young student whom I knew, but of whose family I knew nothing. With him was another young man, also a stranger to me. They had been seated but a few moments when Mrs. Vanderbilt paused a moment and then said:

"A man comes to me and says he is looking for George. He says he was born in the old country, and that he has with him his father and many others"—all of whom were mentioned in detail.

Continuing after a slight pause, she said: "Now he walks down the aisle and stops by you," pointing to the young man with the student, "and he says you are the George he wants. He tells me your name is George Taylor; that you were born in Ireland, and have been here but a short time."

Then followed name after name and fact after fact that the young man, white in the face and with a shake in voice, acknowledged to be true.

After the service I stood at the door greeting the people. This young man came up and I spoke to him about the message.

"That was quite a message you received. Was it quite clear to you?" I asked.

"Every word of it was true. I never have been in a Spiritualist meeting before. That woman certainly has got me guessing!" was the fervent response.

On another occasion, in November of the same year, Mrs. Vanderbilt was to be with us. An hour or two before time to start for the services my telephone rang. I answered in person and found another student, a girl, was calling. To her question when Mrs. Vanderbilt would be with us again, I replied "tonight."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I was going to New York tonight." She paused a moment and then said, "I believe I'll wait and go to New York tomorrow."

When the services began, she was sitting in the third row from the platform.

This young woman had an Irish name, so my surprise can be imagined when Mrs. Vanderbilt's guide began giving a number of German names of people who had lived and passed away in Germany. To my still greater surprise she turned to the young lady and said, "these people are for you."

I was so sure she was making a mistake that I was ashamed to look at the young lady, for I felt I was to blame for her presence. When I did finally gain courage to look at her, she was looking at me with shining eyes and nodding her head in affirmation. When the service was over, without waiting to go around to the steps, she reached out her hand for me to help her upon the platform.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "what are you doing with all those German names?"

She laughed happily as she said, "You think because I have an Irish name that they don't belong to me, but they were all my mother's people. Mother was born in Germany."

When that young woman left the church that night, she carried with her the glad conviction that death's stream had been bridged—that "Life is ever lord of death, and love can never lose its own."

These are but two incidents out of the many which came under my personal observation. They came to people who were not Spiritualists, and neither of whom had ever been in a Spiritualist meeting before. There was no way by which the medium could have gathered the information.

This is a little tribute to a great worker. A tribute I am very glad to give to one who for seven years never failed to come to us as she agreed; and one who never failed to send the honest skeptic away convinced of the truth of her work, and assured that the life to which she has now gone, was very near. For her great work we are profoundly grateful; and so to Mary S. Vanderbilt, dweller in two spheres, we say Godspeed!

WINFIELD SCOTT WALDRON

Hallowell, Maine

Mrs. Vanderbilt ever stood steadfast for what she believed to be right. She could be stern and severe when occasion called for it, yet her whole life, as I knew it, was filled with kindnesses that were typical of her great soul. One of her ambitions seemed to be to start young mediums on the right pathway so that their talents might be developed to be of use to humanity. She was ever ready and willing to assist every earnest endeavor along the line of spiritual unfoldment, and to recognize the gift of mediumship wherever she found it.

Many people ask, "What was the secret of her great success?" In answer, knowing her as I did. I would say it was a life so perfectly lived, so void of all selfishness, and her absolute fidelity to the cause that she loved.

In private life, Mrs. Vanderbilt was ever loyal to her friends, and those of us who were fortunate enough to be counted as such have received a blessing that will be an inspiration through the years to come.

There is not a village, city or hamlet within the Pine Tree State in which there is not some soul who thanks God for her—someone for whom her mediumship has opened the portals of Heaven, someone to whom she has brought assurance that a beloved soul toward whom the heart was yearning still lived and loved.

JOSEPH F. SNIPES AND CHARLOTTE LOUISE SNIPES

New York City, N. Y.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's earnest and distinguished work endeared her to all who value personal worth and positive proofs. She was a stately pillar in the temple of Truth. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to substitute another of equal strength and merit. Her wonderful ministry and her devotion will still continue under "natural law in the spiritual world."

J. F. STECKENREITER

*President General Assembly of Spiritualists,
New York State*

Mrs. Vanderbilt was a courageous and valiant fighter for the truth. As a leader she always held the banner of Spiritualism high above the peepings and mutterings of the crowd. She has performed a great work on our side of life, and her reward in the higher life must be proportionately great. She has before her now a field of even greater usefulness and opportunity for the exploitation of her wonderful gifts.

JENNIE E. DILLON

Hartford, Connecticut

In the transition of Mary S. Vanderbilt, the cause of Spiritualism has lost a wonderful teacher, and her place cannot readily be filled. She stood for all that was honest and truthful in the work. The cause has been uplifted by the eloquent lectures she was able to give, and innumerable hearts have been comforted by convincing messages through her instrumentality.

To me this is a personal loss, for I have had her loyal friendship many years. Her home life and the work done there through her mediumship and not known to the outside world, will always be cherished in fond remembrance. God speed her in her upward progress in the life she has entered just over there.

CLARA H. EDWARDS

Brooklyn, New York

The first time I heard Mary S. Vanderbilt lecture and give messages from the spirit world was sixteen years ago at Lake Pleasant camp meeting. At that time I knew nothing of Spiritualism or Spiritualists. Later I was pastor of the First Spiritualist Church in Brooklyn. One incident was indelibly stamped upon my mind at that time.

Judge Abram H. Dailey, president of the church society, addressed the audience briefly and then introduced a young Spaniard, who related this experience:

A few months earlier, Mrs. Vanderbilt (then Mrs. Pepper), had told him in answer to a question, that if he would write to a certain street number in Madrid, he would come into touch with his father. He said his mother, since deceased, had brought him to America while still he was a little child, and that he had only a faint memory of his father. He followed Mrs. Vanderbilt's suggestion, wrote his father at the address she had given him, and received in reply a letter that brought them together. He was there that day to declare their gratitude, and to say that never thenceforth could he doubt the power of spirit loved ones.

To me personally the teachings of Spiritualism as given through Mrs. Vanderbilt's instrumentality answered the longings of my innermost being, and the question of my responsibility for my acts in daily life; and made it clear that my harvest in the spirit would depend upon the kind of seed I sowed while here in the body; that I and none other would be held responsible for my actions or deeds, good or evil.

During the last six years, I had the privilege of coming into closer touch with Mrs. Vanderbilt. From strangers we became acquaintances, then friends. This sacred friendship was mine until her transition, is mine now, and always will be mine until I may do something to forfeit my right to it.

When trials and disappointments fell to my share, that dear, true, noble woman, Mary S. Vanderbilt, was ever ready to comfort me, to help me along my way. Through the shadows her sympathy shone, a beacon light to the tried soul within my body; for she was a wonderful woman, always ready to assist those in need, to stretch forth the hand of encouragement and sympathy to the one misunderstood or maligned.

Humanity's friend, my beloved friend and counselor, I owe her much.

WARREN FOSS AND NELLIE FOSS

Camp Etna, Maine

My acquaintance and friendship with Mrs. Vanderbilt began with her first appearance at Camp Etna as a speaker. The night of her arrival, I was standing watching the people coming down from the hotel. Mrs. Vanderbilt (then Mrs. Pepper) was with Carrie Twing. Leaving her, Mrs. Vanderbilt walked directly up to me, put her arm in mine, and led me down toward the auditorium, saying: "*I want you.*"

I never have ceased to be glad I was "wanted." Her friendship has been more to me than words can express. All through the years she has been my inspiration and my trusted friend. The wonderful hours I have spent with her are indeed "a string of pearls" to me. Only those who have entertained her in their homes know of her wonderful personality. I could fill pages with the marvelous things that transpired in our home while she and Bright Eyes were our honored guests; but if I singled out one, the rest would be still more wonderful.

Camp Etna has indeed met with a great loss in the passing of Mrs. Vanderbilt into the larger life; but we feel—yes, WE KNOW—she has not left us. She will still come and minister to us. Her great soul still loves her camp, and we know that her voice will be heard, giving us wise counsel and cheer. Her work of comforting aching hearts is not finished. While I sorely miss the physical presence of the one through whom my loved spirit daughter manifested so perfectly, yet I am glad indeed for the greater opportunities given our teacher and friend. I have not lost either. They are both together here in the cottage, which was, and still is Mrs. Vanderbilt's camp home. Here in Evening Star Cottage, has she established her headquarters, and from here will her influence go out to the sorrowing ones of earth.

Mary, I cannot write half I would, for my heart is too full. May you still continue to occupy your place in this home and from time to time give us your help and inspiration.

GEORGE A. FULLER

Greenwich Village, Massachusetts

From the time Mary S. Vanderbilt first started out as a public worker I have known her intimately, and it has been my privilege many times to entertain her in my home. Undoubtedly thousands of the most stubborn skeptics were convinced by her work. She will be missed more than any other one worker in our ranks, on account of her varied gifts. Besides her wonderful psychic powers and her gift of oratory, she was a woman of remarkable executive ability, as evidenced by her work as president of Lake Pleasant and Etna Camps. She made both camps, not only a spiritual success, but a success from a material standpoint. In the last years of her life her psychic work became absolutely marvelous, and her progress was simply unparalleled in the history of our movement.

MARK A. BARWISE

Bangor, Maine

Rarely has the world known as wonderful a psychic as Mary S. Vanderbilt. For twenty-five years she held a unique place in American Spiritualism, the greater part of which time she labored in and seemed to specially belong to her beloved New England. New England loved her beyond any medium of the present generation.

No American Spiritualist had a greater personal following. Thousands date the beginning of their interest in Spiritualism from attending her public seances. The rapt attention and marked devotion in the upturned faces during one of Mrs. Vanderbilt's services when Bright Eyes was in control, never will be forgotten by those who used to occupy the platform with her.

Mrs. Vanderbilt possessed a strong, vigorous and alert personality. She was powerful of intellect, intense in emotion, strong in her devotion to friends and equally

strong in her denunciation of enemies. She hated all artificiality, whether personal or institutional. She detested hypocrisy, cant and deceit. She had that rare gift of retaining as friends those with whom she violently disagreed.

Beneath an often bluff exterior, there was always the kindly heart. Her sympathies were always responsive to sorrow and trouble. Indeed, if any one motive dominated all the rest in keeping her constantly at her work, it sprang from a knowledge of the solace and comfort she and her controls brought to the heart-broken thousands who came to her meetings for such consolation as can come only from recognizing beyond a doubt that messages bearing internal proof of their authenticity are received from the loved ones just beyond the veil.

MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY

Washington, D. C.

The passing of this rare medium and generous woman, Mary S. Vanderbilt, has left a deplorable and irremediable vacancy in the ranks of mediumship and of active, convincing Spiritualism. I have no doubt the spirit intelligences who have the happiness and progress of humanity at heart will succeed in developing and bringing to light other wonderful mediums like unto this great one who has gone; but even so, the world will sorely miss her, for she stood so many years in the front ranks of mediumship, a leader and a teacher, preaching eloquently the gospel of Spiritualism and demonstrating with power and conviction the truths of immortality and of spirit communication. No need for me to eulogize her name or point to her multiplied good works. Her record is imprinted on the hearts of many thousands of grateful individuals who, through her ministrations, have received the tidings that their beloved are with them from beyond the grave; messages that have healed the broken-hearted and brought joy and light to those who had been in darkness and despair.

Mary S. Vanderbilt has ascended to the spheres of immortality, but we have no reason to believe that her work for humanity is ended. So thoroughly was she imbued with the idea of spiritual work and the consciousness that her mission was to heal the wounded heart, comfort the mourner and instruct the ignorant, that she must even now in her fined body and higher state still feel the need and be impressed with the consciousness that her scene of action and base of ministry have simply been transferred to another and a brighter clime.

She has gone into the great sunlight of the hereafter, following many years of brilliant public work as a speaker, medium and all-around worker for the cause of Spiritualism and for humanity. The splendor of her ministrations and the wonders of her spiritual and intellectual unfoldment have accomplished much. Praise and honor belong to such as she.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES

Los Angeles, California

Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt has departed to the immortal courts of heaven. Who can take the place of this brilliant messenger, this self-poised and heaven-ordained soul, to demonstrate the future life? Who next will be taken from earth to make the heavens more radiant?

Mrs. Vanderbilt never required praise for her wonderful work. Praise is for children, not for grandly illumined souls. She was, and is, highly appreciated. She is now enjoying the harvest of her sowing in the realms of immortality.

Telegram from GEORGE B. WARNE

President N. S. A., to E. W. Vanderbilt

April 28, 1913.

Our cause has suffered an irreparable loss in Mrs. Vanderbilt's transition. Accept for yourself and her sister profoundest sympathy from fellow workers of the N. S. A., together with that of Mrs. Warne and myself.

M. J. BUTLER

Boston, Massachusetts

Frank, candid, devotedly sincere, our noble friend and co-worker, Mary Vanderbilt, while on earth preached and demonstrated the truth of our faith—Spiritualism. Her power to visualize things spiritual, to summon for us voices and spirits of the departed, brought untold hundreds into the fold of this faith. Her spirit has yielded up this life for a larger field of activity.

After an earth life filled with perfect peace toward all, a life of generous benevolence to all, a life of universal good, a life that enriched all within its radiance—this noble soul has advanced to a field of larger activity.

D. A. LYMAN

Columbia, Connecticut

President Connecticut State Association of Spiritualists

Greatness may attach to a person from various causes, but true greatness, it seems to me, must come from performing great service to humanity; and there is no greater service than answering the greatest of all questions: What of the life beyond the change called death?

It was the life work of Mrs. Vanderbilt to answer this question. The joy that replaced tears and the certainty that took the place of uncertainty in the hearts of the thousands upon thousands of mourning humanity, testify that it was a work well done.

She early came to abhor the petty things that too many mediums have encouraged which have little or no relation to the real work of the true medium. She detested fortune-telling, or catering to seekers for information regarding frivolous personal affairs. It was her greatest joy to comfort the sorrowing and convince the doubting. Thus she came to occupy the dual character of eloquent

preacher and convincing message bearer, her messages being given as freely and accurately to an audience of ten thousand strangers as to a company of friends in the home circle. She never assailed the churches, either Catholic or Protestant. This attitude tended to attract members of churches to her meetings, and in thousands of instances she convinced them of the truths she was teaching. She made her meetings religious services really, and people went from them filled with a desire to do better work for humanity.

The stars in her "crown of rejoicing" on the other side can never be numbered.

S. M. GILE

Etna, Maine

Ex-Director of Camp Etna (Maine) Association

The work of Mary S. Vanderbilt at Camp Etna has left an indelible impression upon the people, and the furrows of truth that she has ploughed, deep and wide, will cause a growth unequaled by any other worker whom the angels have sent among us. In my long life of eighty-six years I have listened to many message bearers, and can truthfully say I have never yet heard her equal in voicing communications from the world of souls. This remarkable woman and myself often clashed with differences of opinion, both being naturally of a very positive nature; yet, while I remain, I would nurture carefully the seeds she has sown at Camp Etna, that they may grow and bloom in beauty as she had planned and longed for them to do.

This great soul has been promoted—emancipated—released; and while I would not hold her to earthly conditions, I do sincerely hope the great All-Father will allow her still to minister unto the people of Camp Etna for a season longer, until we shall have grown capable of carrying on the great work she was doing here, loyally and well.

FRANK A. BISHOP

Bangor, Maine

Mrs. Vanderbilt's success at Camp Etna was phenomenal. Her marvelous psychic powers attracted people from all parts of the state and beyond. Year after year her development was marked, and audiences numbering thousands have sat spellbound, with eager, upturned faces on which their soul hunger was plainly depicted, pleased, beyond their power to express, by the comforting words which fell from her inspired lips.

Her long service at this camp covered seventeen years. During that time she endeared herself to a host of staunch friends, who not only admired her for her mediumistic gifts, but loved her for the zeal and devotion she displayed, and for her consideration for and helpfulness toward other mediums.

MRS. H. C. BERRY

Boston, Massachusetts

No one ever has come into the spiritual field of labor whose work has been recognized so widely as has that of Mary S. Vanderbilt. I shall always remember her as one of the best mediums I ever have known.

No one was more tender in feeling for those who had not reached the heights she had. Truly she will be remembered by what she has done, and hundreds all over the land will look up and call her blessed.

DR. CLARENCE B. CAPRON

Norwich, Connecticut

It gives me unbounded pleasure to express to the world through this memorial my gratitude for the knowledge I have received by being in her company and listening to the words of wisdom and comfort that fell from the lips of Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt.

DR. WILLIAM CRITCHLEY

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The world never has had a better psychic than Mary Pepper Vanderbilt. She and her guides have converted more people to that true religion—Spiritualism, than all the other psychics in this country.

I have known our dear Mary nearly forty years and have been in close touch with her as one of the board of directors of Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Association. As her nearest neighbor for some years at our camp, I can truly say I never saw her equal as a teacher of her religion. She was unselfish in all things, loyal to her guides, considerate toward all religious denominations, and always doing kindly or charitable deeds for poor mortals who needed assistance.

My first experience with her was in Worcester, Mass.

I was visiting my daughter there. On Sunday noon I had an impression that I should apply for a pension on account of wounds received in 1863. I thought I would better write and send my statement to the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington.

I did not tell anyone. I intended to mail the letter myself. At half-past two that afternoon I started for the postoffice. At the corner of Pearl Street I saw a notice of a lecture by May S. Pepper at that hour. It was two-forty-five when I reached the hall, which I found was crowded to the doors.

After the lecture, which was fine, Mrs. Pepper gave messages. The first of these was for me:

"Someone calls for Doctor Critchley."

I held up my hand. Somebody said: "Someone away back behind the post." Then said Mrs. Pepper: "Speak to me."

I told her I was Doctor Critchley. The president said: "You are the one," and added, "There is a beautiful spirit here who says she is your wife. She spells the name 'Louissette.'"

Said I: "That is the name." Then she said:

"She has brought Charles W. Gardner, and he says: 'I was with you at noon and influenced you to write for your pension. You have the letter in your pocket now.'"

I did have it there, and produced it. I had forgotten to mail it. Then she said Charles Gardner wished to tell me I would receive my pension within six months. I did.

I could cite many cases as wonderful as my own, but I will leave that to more able writers. Neither tongue nor pen can give to her and her guides the thanks they so richly earned.

That she was persecuted by skeptics and by those so blind that they would not see, is well known to all; yet she kept right on with her fight for the truth, until the end.

MRS. MATTIE B. COY

Guilford, Maine

May I not be allowed to render my simple testimony concerning the sweetness and beauty of the life of Mary S. Vanderbilt among us here on earth? When I first began to listen to that great woman, and felt that I did not know her at all, but might only have the privilege of listening to her inspired words, she came one season to the camp. Walking about the grounds with some of her friends, she chanced to pass me by. Stopping, she bent her head and kissed my cheek, and with a cheering word and pleasant smile passed on.

That kindly incident never has faded from my memory. I often wondered how it was that this great woman, so gifted, so admired by all, should stop to notice me in my humble surroundings; but the years that I have passed as a listener to her unselfish and beautiful ministrations have taught me of the nobility of her soul.

I am glad that I met her along the pathway of earthly life; I am glad that she belonged to us here at Camp Etna; glad that we may yet feel and know her love and interest is still with us who are Camp Etna's members.

MRS. MARIE E. CHASE

Lynn, Massachusetts

In the Fall of 1907, while Mr. Chase was president of the Lynn Spiritualist Association, it became my good fortune to meet Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt. During the past years we have visited each other, and what was at first an acquaintance ripened into eternal love. Mrs. Vanderbilt was kind, just, generous and loyal; a truly big-hearted woman.

Mr. and Mrs. K. had lost a beautiful daughter, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and were heartbroken in consequence of the loss. While visiting in Lynn, they came to Cadet Hall, where Mrs. Vanderbilt was speaking. Mrs. Vanderbilt told them of their daughter's death, calling her name, age and the manner of her passing. She also told Mr. K. of his going into the garden just before the funeral and picking a rose, then going to the casket and touching his daughter's cheek with it, saying: "Vesta, if there is anything in Spiritualism, and you come back to me, you will tell me of this." To Mr. K. the message was proof positive of the life beyond.

Mrs. Vanderbilt at another time told of a spirit she saw of a young man, who had come to help his sister, calling her by name and saying she was in great trouble. It seems the young woman had been deceived by a sailor and had a baby five months old.

Every time he came into port he would promise to marry her, but always sailed without doing so. Mrs. Vanderbilt told her the sailor was in Boston and was to sail the next day, and that she must go to a certain pier the following morning if she wanted to catch him.

After the meeting a lawyer who had heard the wonderful message came to Mrs. Vanderbilt and volunteered his services to assist the young woman. Through that wonderful message the sailor was found, and the young woman was married by special license before he left port the following morning.

These are only two of the many wonderful and helpful messages Mrs. Vanderbilt has given to the world.

MRS. CHARLOTTE LOUISE SNIPES

New York City, N. Y.

On August 19, 1917, at Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts, I attended a public seance given by Mrs. Vanderbilt. After a long session, attended by numerous acknowledged tests, when I approached the table to recover a folded paper, submitted for psychometrization, Mrs. Vanderbilt suddenly turned to me and said:

"Is your father in spirit life, and have you a brother John in earth life?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, your father says he was not satisfied with the course of certain parties in the recent settlement of his affairs; that he was with you when his two partners wanted your mother to take notes in adjustment. He is very glad you refused, because if she had accepted their notes, she would never have received the partnership money. He also says he is greatly pleased with your management of his estate, with the aid of your husband and his lawyers; and that he came to you at Allenhurst immediately after his departure."

Again, on August 21, 1918, Mrs. Vanderbilt publicly announced that a spirit friend was attending me, whose name sounded something like Mungins, and that my father was with him very often, as in life.

"Was this man a preacher?" she asked. "I think so, because he tells me your father knelt at his footstool, and they are the same friends still. Your father says he has met Aunt Hannah and Aunt Margaret, and he was on hand to meet Uncle Charlie when he came over."

In substantiation of this wonderfully accurate citation of names and facts about which neither the medium nor anyone else on the grounds knew anything whatsoever, I will state that my father passed away May 17, 1917, only three months previous to my visit to Lake Pleasant; that I have a brother named John in earth life; that my father had two partners with him, who proved unscrupulous and wanted to make a settlement on unfair terms, by

note, but my husband and his counsel and myself demanded and received cash payment; that father did present himself to us at Allenhurst, New Jersey, six hours before we heard that he was found dead in his bed in New York; that the Rev. Mr. Mingins was for years my father's pastor and friend; that his two sisters in spirit were named Hannah and Margaret; and that Uncle Charlie, father's brother, was translated six months later than himself.

All of which establishes the clear vision and hearing of this modern seer, Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt.

MRS. FANNIE J. LAMONT

New York City, N. Y.

I have had so many wonderful messages from Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt that I never could tell one-half of them.

Once a dishonest man left the home, and my mother missed her diamond rings. She was sure he had taken them, but Mrs. Vanderbilt insisted they were in the bedroom, in a box. She described the room and everything in it; and the rings were found in a little drinking cup in the bureau drawer.

Another time I took a lady and her little daughter to her, and the moment we entered her presence she said: "Ed, the father is calling for the child," and gave a very odd name, and told the cause of the father's death.

Once again while I was at the New England camp she told us to stop in Connecticut on the way home. She gave me the name of my aunt, who told me my uncle would not be there very long, and to go and see him at once, which I did. The next year when I passed that way, he had gone home to his loved ones.

Again, she told me to hurry home; that I was needed there, which was very true.

I was given the names of many of my near and dear ones, describing them, so that I was positive they were there. I never can be thankful enough for all the help she gave to me.

MRS. NELLIE E. ABBOTT

Lawrence, Mass.

In 1900 I was invited by friends to go to Haverhill, Massachusetts, to hear a speaker they said far excelled the average interpreter of Spiritualism.

Upon arriving there I was attracted to an unassuming lady, and was very much surprised to learn she was none other than the speaker of the day, Mrs. Mary S. Pepper. It certainly seemed that she was not a stranger to anyone in the spirit world, for name after name fell from her lips through the agency of her controlling spirit, Little Bright Eyes. One after another had to admit that what was given was absolutely true, because proofs came with telling effect. Whenever possible, every member of my family made a special effort to hear this extraordinarily gifted psychic.

Times without number did she refute the line: "They have gone to that 'bourne from which no traveler returns.'"

A short time after meeting Mrs. Pepper, I began to ask a few friends to my home to listen to the one who had begun to mean so much to me, and their interest was so great that I engaged a larger place. When the time arrived for her coming there was not room for those who had become interested and had brought others. It seemed to me the heavens must have opened, for like lightning did those messages come, not one but what was recognized. After that, for nearly ten years, she came here annually, leaving a trail of light behind her.

Once a Unitarian clergyman to whom she reached out, telling of his profession and speaking of those near and dear to him, afterward came to me and said: "I succumb. I can say nothing but praise for the one who has been chosen to bring me the first words of comfort I have received from my loved ones."

On one occasion, shortly after one of Mrs. Vanderbilt's visits to our city, I met Mrs. Channing and spoke of the work Mrs. Vanderbilt and Bright Eyes had done in

Lawrence. Mrs. Channing exclaimed: "Mrs. Vanderbilt made me the happiest of women when Bright Eyes gave me a message from our boy, saying, 'This spirit is no stranger to me. I knew him in earth life. He used to divide his lunches with me when I was there.' Then I remembered the little Indian girl Wallie had often spoken to me about."

I have many times seen her turn away from people of affluence to speak to others to whom earthly comforts seemed to have been denied. One time when she was besieged by many for private interviews, a lady said to her in scornful tones: "Will you tell me why you give your time to that old man, ragged and torn and almost beggarly, instead of to one who can compensate you liberally?" Mrs. Vanderbilt turned to the woman and said: "Do you know that in the sight of God you cannot be compensated by money for giving comfort? That old man, ragged and torn as he was, without money, had a soul that cried out for help, and out in that other life to which he will go before long, this morning will be to him a revelation—and you with money cannot buy what that royal soul will receive. I would rather give to him in his need than to thousands who think only of their money and what it can buy."

I have seen hundreds weep with joy upon hearing a message that had been given to some weary heart.

JOSEPHINE HASLAM

Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts

Mrs. Vanderbilt filled a unique place in Modern Spiritualism as a psychic and message bearer. She made more converts to the fact of spirit return than anyone else I ever knew. Combined with her sympathetic and generous nature, she left a vivid memory as a teacher. She carried the torch of truth valiantly, and blazed the trail for all who followed her.

GEORGE BENNETT

Abbott, Maine

We Spiritualists of Maine feel that we have met with a personal loss in the passing of our friend and sister, Mary S. Vanderbilt, the loss of one who was ever ready to give comforting messages from the angel loved ones to the lonely and sorrowing of earth. She walked among us as an angel of light, never passing by the poor, the humble, the old and needy. My experiences with her were most comforting, most beautiful, helping me to live and go on after my beloved wife passed to spirit, leaving me alone with the weight of years upon me.

In 1916, when I closed the door of our little home to go to Etna, being all alone, I said aloud: "I am going to Etna today, Rose, to see if I can hear from you."

I was seated in the meeting and when Mrs. Vanderbilt was giving her messages, she said: "Rose Bennett is here and says: 'I came all the way down here with you today, George, and I was with you when you said you were going to Etna to see if you could hear from me.'"

Now, I had not spoken to Mrs. Vanderbilt after arriving at the camp, and she did not know whether I had come that day or some other, for the camp had been in session five days.

In 1917, through her generous kindness, she gave me a reading. My wife, Rose, came and said: "I am with you much of the time, George, in our pleasant little home. I prefer to sit by our own fireside in the chair, for which I made the cushion and where the bottom rolls under."

This was a very good description of the chair in which she used to sit.

At another time, while I was having a reading with Mrs. Vanderbilt, I asked: "Cannot you (Rose) send just a word to our children?"

She said: "Tell Charles and Celia that I am with them much."

I said: "That is not correct." She said: "Why, yes it is, Celia May." Which was correct, though we always called her May.

At one time Mrs. Vanderbilt said to me: "Your sister, Edna Lizzie Hayden; your wife, Rose, and her mother are here."

I said: "How does Rose's mother feel toward me now?" Mrs. Vanderbilt quickly answered:

"She feels all right. She doesn't care anything about the old lamp now."

There had been in the past quite a bit of hard feeling between the mother and myself about an old lamp that had been given to Rose by her mother fifty years ago, but outsiders knew nothing about it, and to me the evidence was very conclusive.

My eyesight is now growing dim, my feet are almost touching the shores where my loved ones dwell, but I bless the name of Mary S. Vanderbilt for her great kindness to me, and for her wonderful work in the field of Spiritualism. She has truly been a benefactor. Peace to her arisen spirit!

MRS. GEORGIA A. FIELD

Portland, Maine

In the passing out of Mary S. Vanderbilt, the world of liberal and advanced thought has met with an irreparable loss. She endeared herself to her Etna friends through many acts of kindness, and loving messages from the angel world. I myself received a very comforting message through her mediumship, from my arisen daughter. At that time Mrs. Vanderbilt knew nothing about my family.

With loving thoughts to her departed spirit I remain, as ever, one of her ardent admirers. This humble tribute is from one of the pioneer campers of Etna, a member of the Association, and long a listener to the great work of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

MRS. ANNIE E. WOODMAN

Norwich, Connecticut

Words cannot express my feeling of respect and devotion to this world-wide instructor and adviser, Mary S. Vanderbilt. I have entertained her in my home and find there is a vacant place caused by her transition; yet I feel her spiritual presence very often. These words I assign to her memory, in the most loving thought and remembrance.

MRS. ADELAIDE A. CLARK AND MR. ALBERT N. CLARK

East Nassau, New York

In the summer of 1902, after the passing of my brother in March of that year, I went to hear Mrs. Vanderbilt in the hope of getting a word from him. I waited anxiously throughout the meeting, but no message came for me. As I was leaving the Temple, very sad, she looked at me and asked: "Who is Austin?" At once I replied: "My brother, from whom I wish to hear."

She gave me a message, very comforting as well as convincing of spirit return. To my husband she has given some wonderful messages, with names of his people—quite difficult to spell or pronounce. Her power as a psychic was beyond all others.

SWAMI ABBEDANANDA

Lecturing from the same platform with Mrs. Vanderbilt, I came in personal touch with her real self, and found that she was one of those rare souls who come to help mankind on the path of spiritual enlightenment. Her mission was great and she was extremely broad-minded. I was deeply impressed with her test demonstrations of spirit communications. She aroused the interest of the people to inquire into the realm after so-called death, and fulfilled her mission in a straightforward and dignified manner.

HENRI SENTNER

Boston, Massachusetts

Modern Spiritualism has become a conscious factor in the lives of men, but not without the untiring efforts of those pioneer workers who demonstrated the fact that beyond the grave there looms a greater life. Living a life devoted to that sublime truth, Mary Pepper Vanderbilt gave herself to the world of spirit, that there might be proclaimed to earth anew the glad tidings of great joy.

Times without number I have seen her stand before audiences where many came to laugh but departed with a sense of something new and wonderful. I have seen eyes filled with tears of joy, and the soul of the individual lighted up as through her inspired lips came a message from father, mother, or some other loved one—a message delivered in the clear, convincing manner that distinguished her.

One can speak with authority only by reason of personal experience. Therefore, I feel that I may add my feeble tribute to the most wonderful medium and most glorious woman I ever met. She was a friend, and that means much in this world of strife; a friend tried and true, as staunch a friend as ever I hope to meet, either here or hereafter. To me she was a continual source of inspiration. Her words of kindness and sympathy held me steady in times when all seemed black. Life was brighter and the world is better because of her having lived in it.

MR. AND MRS. T. P. REARDON

Hartford, Connecticut

We owe much to Mrs. Vanderbilt. She opened the way for Mr. Reardon (who was a skeptic), to come into the full realization of this truth. All know the value of her work. Possibly silence is more potent than words. We know her day is not o'er, that her morning is just beyond.

MARY DRAKE JENNE

Camp Etna, Maine

Secretary of the Maine Spiritualist Association

A great soul, baptized with the trials and sorrows of earth, was sent by the loving All-Father to minister unto the children of Camp Etna for a time—but ere we had learned to appreciate fully the value and beauty of so priceless a jewel, she, our beloved president, teacher, friend, was called to grace the council chambers of the spirit-world with her royal presence; and we are left wondering how we can go on without her physical presence to assist and guide us. A great light has departed from our midst to shine in regal splendor in that home Out There, of which she has told us.

Coming to Camp Etna in the earlier years of her mediumship, continuing her annual and in later years her semi-annual visits, her marvelous work among us is far beyond the power of my humble pen to portray. We at Camp Etna have in her ministrations been indeed a favored people. Our gratitude never can be fully expressed. May no shadows separate her emancipated spirit from us!

JOHN J. HAMILTON

Santiago, Chile

There are some who feel that the taking from the physical plane of an entity so highly evolved and capable of doing such a great good work is indicative of the lack of a universal intelligence, while others who have interested themselves in such subjects as reincarnation and karma feel that in all probability just the contrary is true; that it is by design that such souls come into physical incarnation, serve their time in helping, and then pass on at the proper moment to join the ranks awaiting them where they may serve to greater advantage; then to be reincarnated at a later period, with the same group of

evolving entities, for the purpose of leading them on to higher thought.

Whether or not reincarnation is a fact in nature, Mrs Vanderbilt's mediumship was no doubt convincing and consoling to many a fair-minded skeptic.

For a long time I have been interested in Spiritism, Spiritualism and allied subjects, for the purpose of studying them, and have gone to many capable mediums. Previous to hearing Mrs. Vanderbilt I never had witnessed the work of a medium which was really convincing beyond all doubt of the existence of human intelligence after the death of the physical body. I heard her on three different occasions and every reading was a masterpiece.

No one who has studied human evolution could possibly have come into contact with her without realizing the presence of a highly evolved entity. Believers in reincarnation must have felt that during a past incarnation they had done something good that entitled them to the privilege of knowing her in this one.

MARY E. DONOVAN

Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts

No tribute is too great to pay to the memory of one who has been so splendidly able to soften the blow when those who are nearest and dearest to us enter into the life of the Great Beyond. Mary Pepper Vanderbilt convincingly demonstrated the philosophy of immortal life, teaching that the passing of the soul is a step forward on the highway of progress, and not a thing to grieve over.

So we console ourselves that her mission on this plane of action—so far as her visible presence was concerned—was ended; that need for her wonderful gift was far greater Out There, where she has no doubt taken her place in the ranks of great workers who have preceded her. Truly can her co-workers and friends bow to the inevitable and say, "Our loss is their gain."

FLORENCE E. HAWES

Camp Etna, Maine

I am very glad to add my testimony of the great ability and wonderful psychic powers of our dear arisen president, Mary S. Vanderbilt. I have been a regular attendant at the meetings held at Camp Etna for many years, and at times have been astounded at the accuracy with which she could deliver messages to many different ones, sometimes delving into family history, and giving names and relationships with wonderful accuracy. Camp Etna and the cause of Spiritualism have certainly met with an irreparable loss in the passing to higher life of this dearly loved one, but we feel she will still work with us as faithfully as ever.

MRS. MARY D. LUEY

Brooklyn, New York

The memory of my dearest friend, Mrs. Mary Vanderbilt, will always live with me, as one who always stood ready to do all she could at any time, who saved my life in a great sorrow, and showed me the light.

H. A. BUDDINGTON

Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts

Mary S. Vanderbilt! A name that fascinated thousands who for years assembled in the camp at Lake Pleasant, and elsewhere. Her mediumship rapidly advanced in ability and accuracy from year to year until it won the respect of all hearers; and her tender sympathy captivated the bereaved, the broken-hearted mourners.

She rose from humble surroundings to be one of the most convincing mediums to be found in the ranks of the world workers in spiritual fields. Her influence as a message bearer became a leading power all over the North American continent.

H. S. BERRY

Editor of *The Banner of Life*

In the passing of Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt, Spiritualism loses one of its most able and convincing exponents; in her lecture work she was second to none, and her messages were convincing and many times startling in their accuracy, and clearness. She was without a superior in her chosen work, and has convinced thousands of the truth of our glorious philosophy. A great hearted, generous woman, a true friend, a strong opponent of what she conceived to be wrong, possessed of a commanding personality, and a strong personal magnetism, she demanded and received the respect of all who heard her.

REV. TILLIE U. REYNOLDS

Troy, N. Y.

It was my privilege at different times to spend weeks with Mrs. Vanderbilt in the home life, and thus I knew her better than I could have done in camps or meetings. Having also worked as an officer with her I can testify to her wonderful executive ability. My pen is weak when it attempts to portray anything regarding this most gifted medium, whose works do follow her. As we loved her in the body, so we love her in spirit, and ask that she come to aid us in the work so dear to her and to us all.

AURIN F. HILL AND IZETTA B. SEARS-HILL

Boston, Massachusetts

Knowing Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt for several years, we respected her for her activity and earnestness and success in the cause of Spiritualism. . . . We shall miss her visible presence, though we know that she is still an active spirit among us.

MRS. W. F. BOGUE AND FAMILY

Norwich, Connecticut

Dear Friend:—We wish to extend to you our heart-felt sympathy in your bereavement. We can truly mourn with you, for her going has taken from all of us a cherished and sympathizing friend. May the realization of her nearness comfort you in the days to come.

ABBIE A. AVERILL

Lynn, Massachusetts

In the work for Spiritualism I have been associated with Mrs. Vanderbilt for twenty-five years. Also I have entertained her many times in my home, and have been entertained at her summer home. My appreciation of the many sterling traits in her character and my admiration of her wonderfully generous nature have increased with every passing year. In all my association with her she has never failed to justify my faith in her absolute integrity of purpose and an ever-increasing desire to give her very best to the cause to which her life was dedicated. In her passing, Spiritualism has been deprived of one of its strongest pillars.

LUTHER W. BIXBY

Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts

Lake Pleasant will not for many years recover from the loss of this great medium, Mary S. Vanderbilt. Her work extended far outside the ranks of Spiritualists, and attracted many each year from the surrounding towns to obtain messages, or to be given tests of spirit individuality that would convince the most skeptical. The lectures given by her guides were educational along spiritual lines, and uplifting. We hope her spiritual guidance will continue to impress many who come here each year, that we may progress on this plane and so meet her hereafter, with the fruits of her labor among us.

MARTIN L. REYNOLDS

Sidney, Maine

I have known Mrs. Vanderbilt favorably and well for many years, and feel at this time to pay my simple tribute to the worth of one who, I believe, has brought us nearer to our departed loved ones of other days, than anyone who ever passed from life to enrich the realm of the spirit-world.

N. A. LEE

Lynn, Massachusetts

A woman of sterling worth; fearless and aggressive toward the enemies of Spiritualism; always ready to help the cause. Outspoken to friend and foe; never saying behind one's back that which she would not say before one's face. She has made a name in Spiritualism never to be forgotten.

WILL E. BARTELL

Bellows Falls, Vermont

Mrs. Vanderbilt has given comfort and consolation to many a hungry soul, and her life has been full of blessings to humanity. She was truly one of the greatest messengers between the two worlds. May her progression be limitless in the new life.

OSCAR A. EDGERLY

Chicago, Illinois

Acquainted as I was with Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt for over thirty years, from my heart I can say, in common with all Spiritualists, that to know her was to appreciate her worth and to realize that she was possessed of heavenborn inspiration that made her a light bearer mid the dark shadows of earth life. That she has gone from our midst makes her none the less a guide with consciousness illuminated to aid and bless.

MRS. MARY S. VANDERBILT

TEACHER, PSYCHIC, FRIEND

In the softly fading twilight,
In the hush of the world's busy din,
When Nature seems in sympathy
With the spirit's longing within—
A longing for those who have left us,
For a glimpse of the dear, loving face,
A touch of the hand that we cherished,
A longing for the tender embrace—

'Twas thus that I sat in the silence
Grieving and deeply distressed;
Fast falling tears from a sad heart
Refused to be longer repressed.
Shall I never hear her dear voice
Or see her sweet smile again?
Has she really, entirely, left us,
Shall our longing be all in vain?

We would not think she would go away,
We, so much, needed her here.
She was Teacher, Helper, Friend,
And all that to us was most dear.
She had taught us the meaning of life;
She had helped to lighten the way;
This wonderful Psychic and friend
Who from the Truth no one could sway.

The spirit's longing is answered,
They come from their spirit home;
They lift the cloud of sadness,
We are no longer alone.
The spirit had touched MY spirit,
Time and space were naught to me;
She answered my weeping impatience,
She seemed very real to me.

As she spoke to me in the silence
And made my rest complete,
The dear voice was just as tender,
The loving smile just as sweet.
"I am FREE, as the air of morning,
Free as a bird on the wing;
The flesh no longer confines me
And a blessing to you I bring.

I live, and love those who love me,
Death has not touched my soul;
I shall love and work forever,
Shall live while eternities roll.
Then weep not or mourn for the parting,
There IS 'only a thin veil between.'
I visit you often, my dear ones,
Am near you even though unseen."

O, many times she has told us
That she stood in the open door—
The door was left still open
When the angels ferried her o'er.
Her promise is sure and sacred;
I know she is loyal and true;
Her message is full of comfort,
She WILL come to me and to you.

FLORA F. THOMPSON.

Fayville, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER X.

RESOLUTIONS

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY, BOSTON, MASS.

Resolved, That we, as members of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, sincerely mourn her departure from this physical life, and extend to the bereaved husband, sister and mourning friends, our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss. Her task on earth is done, but we shall sit with her in the brightness of our souls, and there wreath our chosen flowers of memory for her. It is by such souls, unselfish, energetic, versed in its traditions, jealous of its good name, that Spiritualism has reached a high plane among the religions of today. In the fadeless light of the Summerland she surely finds sweet companionship, and with those spirits who have gone before, waits to give us greetings when we shall answer the call of the Great Spirit.

COMPOUNCE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION

Resolved, That we, the members of the Compounce Spiritualist Association, do here and now pay tribute to that noble soul, Mary S. Vanderbilt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose passing to the Summerland has left a space in the ranks of the workers in Modern Spiritualism that never can be filled;

A whole-souled woman, a tried friend, a medium distinctly in a class by herself, never equalled in the quality of her work and the divine self-sacrificing manner in which she devoted her life and energy to the cause she loved.

For eighteen years faithfully and well has she served this Association as speaker and message bearer. During that time thousands have been comforted; and, because of that comfort, blest the name of Mary S. Vanderbilt. Through her ministrations thousands have been turned toward the light that shines beyond the change called death.

Since 1911, in her capacity as president of this Association, her wisdom and foresight have guided us as the faithful pilot ever does the ship within his care. Now the door of immortality has opened, and the angels have called unto themselves this one who served them so faithfully, cheerfully and well, even when the tongue of puny souls wagged mightily, and the easier course would have been to leave the ship helpless to toss about on the sea of strife.

May we who honor her realize that our loss has been her gain. We extend our sincere sympathy and our greatest comfort to those dear ones left behind; those who knew the celebrated medium—the good, true, staunch woman, who looked the whole world straight in the face. May they understand that her mighty soul, that never was known to desert a friend here, will not desert them in the Land Out There. May their grief be lightened by the knowledge she so wonderfully exemplified.

CONNECTICUT STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION

Resolved, That in the passing to spirit life of our sister and co-worker, Rev. Mary Scannell Vanderbilt, the cause of Spiritualism has been deprived of the most powerful and convincing exponent of the fact of life beyond the grave and of the communion of spirits with mortals of our times. For more than thirty years she has brought comfort to the sorrowing, hope to the despondent, and conviction to the doubting. She was a true medium, consecrating her best physical and mental powers to the work of so blending the physical and spiritual forces that the world might know for a certainty that the death of the

physical is but the new birth of the spiritual. She was a true martyr. She gave her life as a sacrifice that the world might know "There Is No Death."

The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association mourns the loss of an efficient officer, an attractive, eloquent and forceful public speaker, and a genuine bearer of messages from spirits to mortals.

The sympathy and consolation of its members is hereby extended to the husband and sister, whose grief will be softened by the knowledge that their loved one will ever be present in spirit until the glad meeting-time "Over There."

ETNA SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF ETNA, MAINE

Resolved, That mere words cannot fittingly express the magnitude of our irreparable loss; that greater mediumistic gifts never were bestowed upon mortal; that greater zeal in their manifestation has never been displayed; that more unswerving loyalty to the cause has never been shown. A truer friend has not been found. Her memory will live; her influence will increase through the ages. It is further

Resolved, That we hereby extend to our esteemed brother, Mr. E. W. Vanderbilt, and to our dear sister, Miss Harriet Scannell, our deep sympathy in their sad bereavement, and we commend them to the consolations of our noble faith, which teaches us that our departed sister still lives, surrounded by loving friends, in a realm of beauty, where love and service are the uplifting ideals for which they strive.

LYNN SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF LYNN, MASS.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Lynn Spiritualist Association of Lynn, Massachusetts, feel that a large portion of the prosperity that has been attended our society since its inception, has been due to the wonderful mediumship and wise counsel of our arisen sister;

Resolved, That we, in common with Spiritualists all over the country, do sincerely mourn her departure from our midst; and we hereby renew our pledge to do all in our power to further the best interests of the cause to which she devoted her life;

Resolved, That the sympathy of this society is hereby extended to her beloved companion, her cherished sister, and all other mourning friends and relatives; may they be comforted and sustained in this, their hour of sorrow.

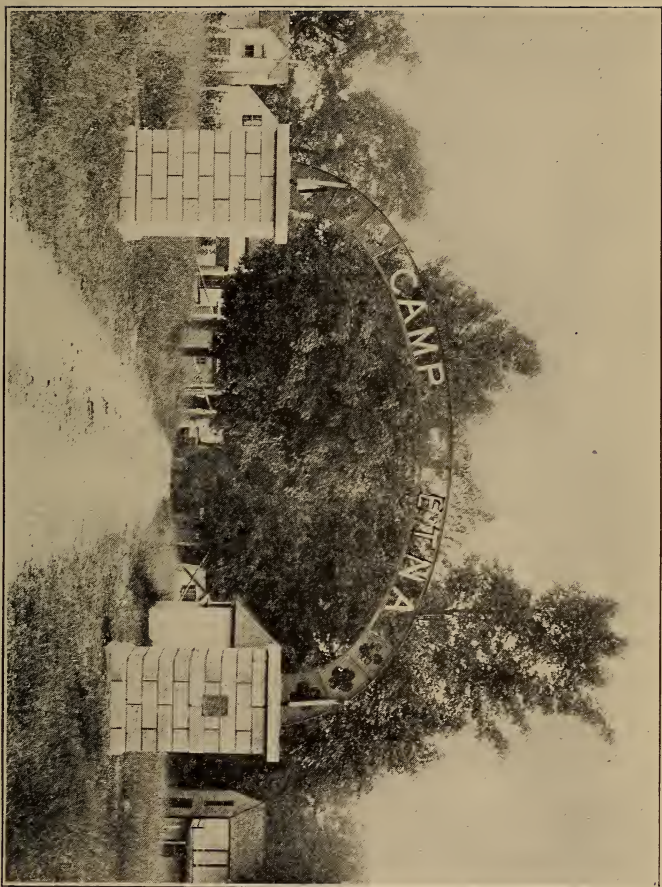
MAINE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION

Our beloved sister, teacher, co-worker, a friend to all humanity, Mary S. Vanderbilt, has obeyed the summons and responded to the call, "Come higher." Her long and patient struggle for expression on this side of life where still she might minister to the hungry and desolate ones of earth, ended on the morning of April 27, 1919, when death, so-called, came with silent tread and stooped to kiss her feet at sunrise; and her tired and beautiful soul found release and repose within the heavenly portals of peace and love among those great souls who embody wisdom, truth and light.

We stand in reverence to do her homage, even as she stood before the altar of truth, staunch and steadfast, firm and sure in her knowledge, her realization of continuous life—a knowledge of which she gave ample proof through her own psychic power, her highly developed soul. Today of all days, through the law of vibration, her emancipated spirit is blending with ours. She is close beside us—

"So near methinks I feel her—hand—
So closely lies the Borderland."

So let us of this Association draw closer together, dear brothers and sisters, in love and truth, and meet our dear sister on an equal plane. Let us meet her at least half way as she reaches down to us over the roadway of at-



ENTRANCE CAMP ETINA
Etina, Maine

tainment and uplift. To say we shall not miss her familiar physical form would be all in vain; but let us try to emulate her many virtues, and carry on the work she so ably expounded.

O, dear arisen one, how our hearts yearn for thee—
Thou who hast overcome, and thy spirit been set free!

* * * * *

Go forth once more, unhampered now by any earthly bar,
For thou hast cast aside the dross, and the gates have
swung ajar.

* * * * *

Resolved, That we, the Maine Spiritualists' Association, in convention assembled, here mourn the absence of our distinguished sister and shall in memory ever hold her in the highest esteem; that the Etna Camp Association has lost one who gave of her time and strength unceasingly for its upbuilding; who was its honored president, benefactor and friend, for many years. Her place in the hearts of humanity never can be quite filled again.

CHAPTER XI

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

to

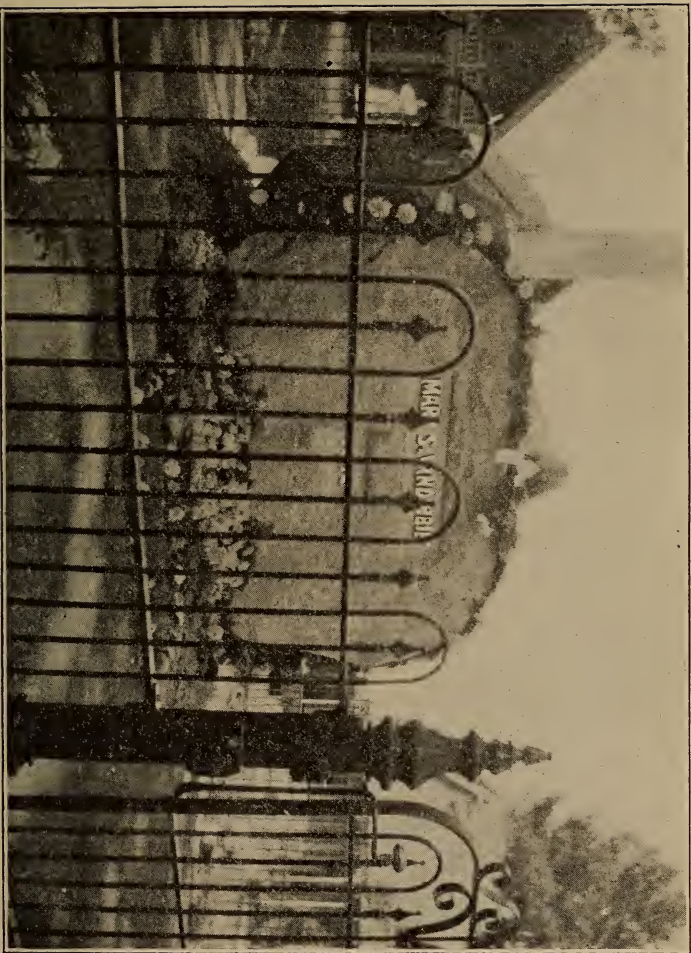
MARY S. VANDERBILT

CAMP ETNA, MAINE

Sept. 18, 1919

Camp Etna, Maine, has been the scene of many noted gatherings during the forty-three years of its existence. From its rostrum have been heard talented men and women who have voiced the message of Spiritualism to the assembled throngs. Yet never were more impressive ceremonies held than those attending the dedication of the imposing monument that marks the final resting place of all that is mortal of its beloved president, Mary S. Vanderbilt.

The site chosen was Barrett Square, named for Harrison D. Barrett, the son of Maine, and first president of the National Spiritualists' Association. The committee having the matter in charge sought long and diligently for something fitting to express the love of the people for America's gifted medium, who had labored so long and earnestly in their midst. No ordinary monument, chiseled by the hand of man, would do. Finally, in the great laboratory of Nature, where it had taken millions of years to perfect, was found a huge boulder, so perfect in every way that the committee having the matter in charge,



MONUMENT OF MARY S. VANDERBILT
Camp Etna, Maine

composed of Mark Barwise, Frank Bishop, and Mrs. Frost, decided that no further search need be made. As the medium was herself divinely inspired, it was fitting that God's handiwork alone should stand before the world to commemorate the work she had wrought during her life's journey.

The huge boulder weighs about twelve tons, and was transported from a farm about thirteen miles from Etna, on a truck, drawn by six horses. Upon the face of the boulder is simply inscribed

MARY S. VANDERBILT

1919

No need to tell who she was—the smallest child in Etna's Lyceum knows—while the gray-haired sire bows in grief because of the appalling loss that has fallen upon Etna in the loss of her physical presence.

An iron railing twenty feet square encloses the monument. Just behind the boulder has been erected a huge flagstaff, the gift of her lifelong friend, Warren R. Fales, from which floats a magnificent star spangled banner, presented by Mr. E. W. Vanderbilt, a veteran of the Civil War.

The day was resplendent with beauty. Loving hands made the enclosure bright with flowers. Lake Pleasant Camp was represented with a floral piece which rested at the base of the boulder, while upon the top of it was a floral tribute from Etna Camp.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's chair was decorated with evergreens, purple and white asters, and a speaking photograph of the arisen one, the gift of Mr. Vanderbilt, was placed in the chair. Everyone seemed to sense her presence, and commented upon the fact.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

The memorial services were held in Barrett Square. Vice-President Samuel L. Packard presided. A temporary platform had been erected for the speakers under the shade of one of the beautiful trees. The park was thronged with friends from far and near, who gathered for this special occasion.

Promptly at 2 p. m. the services opened with the singing of "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," by Professor C. Leroy Lyon, after which Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of Unity Church, Boston, Mass., gave an invocation.

Amidst a most impressive silence, Mr. E. W. Vanderbilt, husband of the arisen one, then stepped inside the railing and deposited the ashes of his beloved wife and companion in a spot especially prepared for their reception. A moment of silence, then rose again the voice of the singer, "Only Remembered by What We Have Done." Each one present was filled with emotion as the thoughts came of how much Mrs. Vanderbilt had done for Etna. Tears came unbidden into the eyes of the throngs of people who listened to the expressive words, "Only remembered by what we have done."

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, editor of *The Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, Illinois, a lifelong friend of Mrs. Vanderbilt, was the first speaker. Her address in part was as follows:

ADDRESS OF M. E. CADWALLADER

"Away from the turmoil, strife and vicissitudes of daily life, we have gathered from far and near to consecrate this hour, to dedicate this shrine, to the memory of our beloved and arisen sister, Mrs. Mary S. Vanderbilt.

"Every heart has a shrine, every home a sacred spot, sacred to the memory of our loved ones. Therefore we have come to Etna Camp to dedicate a shrine which, in all the ages to come, shall mark the enduring work of the one who but yesterday was in our midst, as well as to pledge ourselves anew to carry on her mighty task.

"It took ages to prepare for the coming of such a gifted soul. The angels bending low at her cradle imprinted on her brow a seal which set her apart from her fellow men. To her was given, as a gift from Heaven, a power divine, enabling her to go forth as an evangel to minister to the sorrowing. She became a comforter. If every one to whom Mrs. Vanderbilt gave a message from an arisen loved one, bidding them know that father, mother, husband, wife or child, still lived in the land of immortality, could but place a single grain of wheat upon this shrine, they would be as numberless as the sands upon the sea-shore.

"How fitting it is that in Maine her ashes should rest, here where she wrought with such enduring power. Firm as the rock which now marks their resting place is the foundation which she built during the years she labored among you. Here it stands as a mighty sentinel, which shall speak to the coming generations. 'Behold, here I have wrought for you; where I planted you must water; you must reap the harvest of the seed I have sown. Keep on with my work, beloved, for I shall keep step with you.'

"How well she labored! New England was dear to her heart—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, she served until in every hamlet, village, town and city, the name of Mary S. Vanderbilt became a household word because of her power as a comforter.

"She sought neither fame nor the approbation of men or women, turning neither to the right nor to the left, as with clearer vision she followed the light as it was given

to her. Fearless in her defense of right, strong in her determination to do and dare, she made her impress upon the minds and souls of all who meet her.

"Beloved by you of Etna, she returned a thousandfold your affection; yet far from New England were her marvelous gifts known. Wherever Spiritualism is known there also will be found the records of her many gifts, for she was known the length and breadth of the land, as well as across the seas.

"Dear friends, Mrs. Vanderbilt is not dead. She speaks to you today, and will speak to you as long as time will endure. In the rustling of the wind you will hear her; in the babbling of the brook; in the beauty of the flower she will speak. But in no more potent way to you here in Etna will she speak than in the tones of the bell calling you to meeting. You remember how she loved to ring the bell. It was to her a sacred, loving service, for twenty-four years ago, at Onset, she asked her friend Dr. H. B. Storer, 'Why do you ring the bell? Let someone else do it,' and he responded, 'I love to ring the bell; I am calling my people to come, calling them to come and be spiritually fed.' So that is what the ringing of the bell meant to her—'I am calling you to come.' In the future, when you hear it peal forth, remember, it is speaking to you of her. Listen to her, and heed the call to come up higher.

"Beloved friends, doubt not that she is near. Her interest in Etna Camp still endures. Love still persists beyond the grave. Spiritualism teaches there is no death; that our loved ones live and love us still. Let this shrine speak to your hearts of her great love for you and of yours for her, and in the days and years to come, take greater heart in carrying forward the work she started, until the harvest shall be great indeed. So, as a symbol of the garnering from the field of her endeavor, I place this sheaf of wheat upon this sacred shrine, to emphasize the harvest she has reaped from the seed she has sown.

"Yes, we shall meet her again; again we shall hear her words of love, again see her radiant smile, in that land of immortality toward which we are journeying home. Remember, beloved, she is not dead; but, all bright and beautiful, our dear sister treads the aisles of eternity. She is not dead!"

Following Mrs. Cadwallader's address, Professor and Mrs. Lyon rendered, "Where the Roses Ne'er Shall Wither," after which Rev. F. A. Wiggins delivered the following address:

REV. F. A. WIGGINS' ADDRESS

"We have this hour performed the sacred, loving service of depositing the ashes of the transient temple through which a life, dear to us all, functioned with wonderful power.

"It is an unusual force, in the individual, which, amid the tremendous competition of the hour, is sufficient to leave its impress upon these times. Nature's divine power, in this specific life, left its impress upon the time in a great variety of conspicuous, real loving service, but in none of these expressions more notably than in a spiritual endeavor to enrich the world's thought and knowledge of a life beyond the portals of the grave. She made earnest and forceful endeavor to establish in the mind of mortals a real happiness, by a thorough removal of the pangs of sorrow caused by the transition of dearly beloved souls from their temples of time to their eternal abodes of heavenly bliss and delight. From time to time souls have been born into this world who have, by their spiritual endeavor, saved it from being engulfed by the ceaseless incoming waves of cold materiality. For all such souls we would pay our tribute of loving remembrance. While recalling in our minds the names of many such, and the

helpful works which they have wrought, today stands out most prominently in our thoughts the name of our arisen friend and sister, Mary S. Vanderbilt, whose ashes, here in this sacred spot, now mingle with the dust of the ages.

"Above these ashes loving hands have placed this stone, to mark this hallowed spot. Enduring as is the granite, far more lasting will be the life's influence of her whose loving service to mankind it is designated to perpetuate. These simple services, I am sure, are absolutely void of every aspect of conventionality. I am equally certain that they are natural and spontaneous, and flow forth from loving hearts.

"The individual hearts here, in this multitude of loving friends, are as rivulets of a voluntary flowing, and in that flowing, silently they express a thought which shall live even after all these streamlets shall have mingled their energy in divine unison with that mighty ocean of souls just out there in the beyond.

"Only one year ago Mary S. Vanderbilt, in whose honor and to whose memory these services are being held, walked in your midst here at Etna, a giant of spiritual strength, a medium of comfort to your souls. We should, and we do, rejoice that, even under the stress of the present condition, a time when the absence of her physical presence strikes us all with an almost appalling strangeness, we feel ourselves under no necessity of resorting to calling Mrs. Vanderbilt 'dead,' as millions of people in this world, under similar circumstances, would be compelled to do, and for this, our especially favored privilege, we owe our deepest gratitude to our Spiritualism, and to such a revealment of it as was made to us by Mary S. Vanderbilt, who, though absent in the physical, is nevertheless really present with us in all that constitutes a veritable personality.

"She taught the philosophy of continued and eternal living; that so-called death is but a valued change and simply an event in never-ceasing life. By virtue of her

high endowment of spiritual mediumship, she thoroughly and convincingly demonstrated as a truth or fact of Nature that rich philosophy to which she so eloquently gave utterance.

"She also practicalized the philosophy and its demonstrations to the every-day human life right here among our purely human activities. She taught that a little bit of selfishness is too much, while a whole lot of generosity is not enough; that a little bit of strife is too much, while a whole lot of peace is not enough; that a little bit of hate is too much, while a whole lot of love is not enough; that the world may have too much selfishness, but can never have too much generosity; that it may have too much war, but it can never have too much peace; that it may have too much hate, but it can never have too much love. Mrs. Vanderbilt taught this, and far more, and vital is the fact that she taught this by both precept and example. It can never be justly denied that such teachings are sure to inspire in all who heed them a holy spirit of truth and a desire to seek diligently the highest ideals in all that pertains to life and its far-reaching purposes, leading to a conscience void of all offense to God and to our fellowmen.

"Well she might have cried out from the depths of her soul, '*O, tempora! O, mores!*' (O, the times! O, the customs!) for our arisen sister, teacher, demonstrator of eternal truth, and co-worker, lived and labored in times which in spiritual endeavor 'tried men's souls.' By the chart of spirit inspiration, and the compass of spirit helpers, she knew the way, and by a fearless courage she steered the ship of Spiritualism in the exact course laid down by the Divine Navigator.

"She labored, and she loved her labor, and although time may seem not to have overpaid her, eternity will not forget, nor will her reward be meager. To us, and to

unborn generations, will be the earthly blessings. I can seem to hear her exclaim to us, speaking from her spirit home:

'I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
 (As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
 The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed in its season:
 I shall be remembered by what I have done.

'I need not be missed, if another succeed me
 To reap down those fields which in Spring I have
 sown;
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by
 the reaper;
 He is only remembered by what he has done.'

"And, as a refrain to this, we will endeavor heartfully to respond in the language of Lizzie Doten:

'Blest spirit! we will weep no more,
 But lay our selfishness to rest:
 Condition's laws which we respect
 Have ordered all things for the best.
 Life's battle fought, the victory won,
 To nobler toils pass on! pass on!'

"It will not be my purpose to set forth in detail her marvelous labors in behalf of human betterment. The limitation of time allotted me would prevent such an undertaking, and I am not unmindful that this at once becomes the labor of the brains and loving handiwork of her biographer.

"You of Etna owe much to Mary S. Vanderbilt for what she wrought of vital helpfulness here in your midst. To you of Etna has fallen the honor and priceless privilege of becoming the custodians of her ashes, together with this granite index of their resting place. Not for one moment do we distrust your purpose to guard this

sacred trust which reposes within your keeping. You have been faithful in the years past to other trusts, but these ashes and this block of granite, of so great significance to the cause which you espouse, imposes upon you an added and much larger obligation than has heretofore rested upon you. You will plant here the flowers of loving thoughtfulness. You will water them, not with your tears of sorrow (because you are Spiritualists, and know the meaning of life's changes), but with the tears of your joy. You will give them constant growth by the sunshine of your smiles, for you will not fail to give love's sweet smile as you look upon this spot, even though the smile be mingled with your tears. You will do far more than this. You will tell the story of Mary S. Vanderbilt's life and labors to your children, for even unborn generations must in turn not be allowed to forget.

"Enduring as is this block of granite, time's relentless teeth will disintegrate its present solidity and reduce it all to common dust. It is for you to teach your children to love her, and also to impress them to teach their children to keep green and fresh this cherished memory. You should forget none whose loving labor has become your benefactor.

"Dear Mrs. Vanderbilt loved you. She also dearly loved Etna. The ashes of her earthly temple are here; this granite marks their resting place, because of her love for you and for Etna. Even when her spirit pulsated in the physical body, racked with pain, she tenderly thought of you and dear Etna Camp. It is because of her thought of you, in the most trying hour of her human life, that we are today gathered about this spot, forever made sacred by these ashes and this granite monument. Had it not been for her love for you and Etna and your love for her, which she so richly merits from you, this block of granite would have forever slept in its native soil. It was love that found it. It was love that brought it here.

It must in all future time be love, and love alone, which will keep alive that great thing for which it now stands within your loving keeping.

"And not to you of Etna alone is given the privilege of extending to her, memory, love and gratitude. While Mary S. Vanderbilt labored for you and with you, no less was her loving service bestowed upon peoples remote from this place. She labored everywhere where time and circumstances permitted, and with that same unselfish devotion which so pre-eminently characterized her efforts in your midst. Nor was her endeavor to aid humanity confined even to America, for where the Atlantic waves beat against their thither shores her voice was fearlessly and cheerfully raised in defense of Spiritualism.

"Large as is this audience, it is but a handful to that vast multitude in both America and Europe, whose thoughts of gratitude for her service now, this moment, are centered upon this place and this occasion. Throughout this broad world her name is a household word among Spiritualists and lovers of religious and mental freedom. The people knew and loved her. Like many another, we knew her to be—

‘Light and shade by turns,
But Love always.’

"We would not fail, upon this occasion, to make mention of Mrs. Vanderbilt's most sacred precincts of life's functioning, the home circle and close friendship's relations. Strong and helpful in public life, where she came in touch with vast throngs several times almost every week and for many years, her greatest and truest worth was most vitally felt by those who knew her as the general public could not know her. Here her high development of mediumship was best known and appreciated at its real and true value. She here, in the home and at friendship's holy shrine, demonstrated the truth of Lord Lytton, who so beautifully writes:

'There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

'There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

'And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—There are no dead.'

"To her dear husband, Mr. Vanderbilt, and to her closest and most cherished friends, must come with especial force the truth of Longfellow:

'With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

'And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes;
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.'

"And so, Mary S. Vanderbilt has lived, loved, and been loved by a host of souls. No loss, no sorrow, nothing will, or can, take away that joy. This, all this, was hers. This, all this, is hers now. This was and is her supreme heritage. With this divine truth she is crowned, a glory which, from her earliest days, she wore even as the morning wears the sunrise.

"Love is not a perishing bow upon our poor, fleeting, imaginary heavens. Love is not a mere dream—a dream within a perplexing dream—nor is it a vain image, transitory as the traveling shadow of a cloud-wave.

"Life without loving service is slightly, if anything, more than mere existence. Life without loving service fails to linger in the memory of mankind; it fails to make an impress upon the times. Life with loving service is that which is loveliest and most of all things enduring. It is an eternal flame, an enduring facet, the beauty of all beauty. Such a life whispers help into every listening ear; it is a dancing flame, a beacon light, dispelling darkness, and it floods all gloomy states of life with a sure and certain emancipation from all distresses.

"Mary S. Vanderbilt, our teacher, our leader, our inspiration, the wife, the true and highly valued friend, has moved out to pitch her tent not far away. In the deepest and truest of all senses, we know that she remains with all whom she used to love and serve. We feel her presence, we will still be amenable to her high and holy inspiration, we will endeavor, as best we may, to sense her presence and helpfulness, knowing and fully realizing that we shall again hear her voice, again clasp her hand, and again see her face to face, 'When death shall stoop to kiss our feet at sunrise in the morning.'"

The services concluded with a benediction by Mr. Wiggin. Then the cornetist sweetly sounded "taps," and the star spangled banner, which during the services had been lowered to half-mast, was raised to the top.

During the services every member of Etna Association wore a white ribbon, the insignia of spirit-return, and as "taps" sounded, all present walked silently up to the enclosure and each placed a flower for remembrance.

It was an impressive sight; old and young all alike eager to do honor to their loved friend. Mr. E. W. Van-

derbilt, Miss Harriet Scannell (Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister), Mr. Warren R. Fales, and Mrs. Clara Edwards, secretary of Lake Pleasant Camp, were in a group just at the entrance to the monument, while the entire park was filled with friends.

All throughout the services the large audience listened with rapt attention to the speakers. The board of directors had spared no pains to make the day one to be remembered in the annals of the Camp.

Everyone was pleased that the clouds, which had hung over Etna during the week, with attendant rain, had dispersed. Even Nature had wept in sympathy with the sorrow of the people, but with the dawning of the day of September 4, the sun in all its glory rose to gladden us all, so we could see a symbol of the work yet to be done at Etna. Mrs. Vanderbilt is not there in the physical, but we know that her spirit still is interested in the welfare of the Camp, and will inspire others to carry forward the work so well begun.

Silently the crowds assembled for the services dispersed, and the memorable day at Etna drew to a close.

CHAPTER XII.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY

REV. MARY S. VANDERBILT

At Unity Hall, Hartford, Conn., Sunday, Feb. 4, 1912

Under the Auspices of the
Connecticut State Spiritualists' Association

SUBJECTS GIVEN BY PERSONS IN THE AUDIENCE

"The Origin of Man"

"What Is the Spiritualist's Idea of Christ"

"Are Spiritualists Living Up to the Knowledge
of Spiritualism?"

"Lives Made Miserable by Others"

The first subject that touches us and seems to fill us with a thought of infinitude is that subject, "The Origin of Man." Turning our attention back to the very beginning of history, to the very first investigation along the line of the origin of man, we find that even at the present day, no scientist or no illumination of the world has proven to us the first origin of man.

Man, as far as he is considered today, is a trinity indeed. There is a soul, the spirit and the body. The body represents to us the mighty temple, imbued by the spirit, that it may convey as far as possible the outward understanding of man's spiritual nature. We find that our

body has come up through a long line of numerous cells of matter in its first formative principle. We can almost turn our attention back to the cosmic principle of life, when there was naught in this great world of ours, except three great principles. Those principles were Matter and Force, and they were to a certain extent correlated together by the infinite power of spirit.

Spirit always has been the manifestation of life. When you take the power of spirit from matter, matter is inert or dead. Now we find for a time these three great principles working in your universe—Matter, Spirit and Force. What is Matter? Matter is that principle, or that energy, out of which all organic bodies are composed. Force is the medium between Matter and Spirit. Spirit is that all-pervading substance that has existed for all time. Now we find that there came a law when there seemed to be propelled into this cosmic universe of ours, the might power of heat, and following that there came the principle of light. Now we have the five principles—Spirit, Force, Matter, Heat, and Light, and we find that the greater force that is expended in any process of evolution causes a greater amount of matter to assume certain forms; first we found them consisting of certain cells in the great arcana of the evolution of forces, and secondly we find that we have the caves where the cave-men dwelt; then the sense of law and beauty, and a face turned from the sod—some of us call it the origin of things; some of us evolution, and others call it God.

Nevertheless, we find that these wonderful elements or principles of nature continue to build, and the more cells they build the more harmonious relationship between these cells, and consequently other cells are formed, until we have the animal scale of existence; and then we find out of that there has come the wonderful power of a physical and intellectual nation, as the human race, or the human kingdom. All of this stands upon nature's broad vista. We find that yonder fish may have a certain

amount of instinct, so that it does not always pick the hook that is thrown into the brook by the fisherman. We find that the animals have a certain instinct of protection for themselves. We find that man stands out superior to all these, because he has powers beyond instinct—he has something beyond these things, and the question is: What is the difference and what is this that makes man the living thriving creature that he is, with the mighty brain power that he portrays through the wonderful mind that is continually developing with the wonderful power? Call it psychic, or spiritual, but it is the real man, the real ego, that stands behind your body, and when we begin to reach this realm, we begin to gain the realm of spiritual things, and consequently we find—what? That the origin of the physical man began away back in the time we have previously told you of, but the origin of the soul of man has never had a beginning, and consequently will never have an ending. That the physical body has simply been built up for the expression of this spiritual man.

Will you tell me that the soul is a result of bodily powers? I tell you that is no such thing. Man's soul has existed somewhere and in some form before the growth of everything that is expressing the evolution of nature. Look with me a moment at these pinks upon the table, and you find they express what? They express the mighty scintillating power of the sun-ray. Less than fifty years ago, if you asked a minister on any public platform what caused the color of one to be pink and the other white, he would tell you they were painted by the finger of Almighty God, but we have grown; we have studied theology, we have studied all the sciences of the day and hour, and we have found the finger of God expressed in the pink is the gleam of a sunbeam that has produced their colors.

We find there are certain elements in nature, and whether flowers or human beings, gather to ourselves those things that are part of our existence and those

things that will help us unfold and germinate. When we began to find this, there was a knock at the door of nature and man found that thousands and thousands of years of expression lay dormant in Mother Nature, and we began to feel again that God was not the personal being, seated upon a throne, who looked at us one day in anger, and the next in love, but that everything was originated in the great economy of the world and was eternally growing, and we began to find out that the old economic idea of the origin of man, the old idea of things, was not true, and in its place we have put the great hypothesis of the physical unfoldment and development of man; and it is the hypothesis that will stand the ultimate triumph of truth. It is the only hypothesis that teaches us that we are not only spiritual tomorrow and living out in some other realm, but we are spirits today, and that we can touch humanity one mile, ten miles or one thousand miles away from us, if we understand the spiritual law governing our being, and this is the mighty philosophy of the spirit and we no longer feel that we do not live hereafter, singing psalms and having complete peace and rest. There is no rest, unless that rest is a continual rest of evolution from the lower to the higher, and the work that is harmonious and is closely related to spirit, will be the work that we have been accustomed to do while journeying here in the physical form.

You ask me what the Spiritualist's idea of Christ is. The Spiritualist holds it as the closest thought. We do not place him as a savior of the world, in the sense that you and I are to be saved by his blood, but he is our elder brother. He was, as we said this afternoon, a great Socialist teacher, a great leader whom the spirit world had clothed with a physical body, that he might bring his teachings, the teachings of the higher forces of the spiritual world to a waiting people.

Men and women had prayed for a messiah, a messiah simply for bodily wants, a messiah simply for the material

things of life, but the great spirit world sent a messiah, a savior of man's spiritual nature, and when his teachings were rightly understood and rightly interpreted, we had a spiritual philosophy exactly as the Spiritualists are preaching today from every rostrum in our country where Spiritualism is taught. We have found that if ever the Master gave anything to the world he put the everlasting label of truth upon mediumship, because it always was the mediumship of the Master that took precedence of all other things connected with him, as far as cults can follow him are concerned.

Look with me just for a moment to the story of the Master, when Jerusalem would not take his teachings unto itself, and when seemingly outside of a very few, except his twelve disciples, he had no one that understood him. With Spiritualism surely as many people are as cautious, and they say:

"Mrs. Vanderbilt, I would like to go to your spiritual meeting; I would like to know what your philosophy is; but you know I am just a little afraid of it, and some of my fellow Church members might hear of it; and then I live on such a fashionable avenue, and Spiritualism is not popular."

So in the days of the Master. Nicodemus, the teacher, felt in his soul there was something that linked himself with the mighty truth of the Master, but he waited until night time and then he made his visit after truth. Look at me for a moment while I tell you the story that is known to every Bible student in the country, the story of the woman at the well of Samaria. It was not the spiritual teaching; it was not the sermon on the Mount, but it was the men and women toiling with bleeding feet, whose physical bodies were going to decay; the blind men and women who followed the Master, to touch the hem of his garment, and thus he turned and healed them. Those are the dead letters that are going down the corridors of time. It is not the belief in Jesus, as given to

you by the theological teachings of the religion called Christianity. Look with me for a moment, when at last he had fulfilled his work, when he knew that no longer would he be able to hold himself in his physical body; the cry of the enemy about him had become so great that then it was, he was made miserable by others. The Master's life was made miserable by others, a man as peaceful as the blue lake of Gallilee, in whose waters his disciples fished. An individual more human and more divine than any other individual that has ever touched the shores of time, and still in choosing his disciples he was not far-sighted enough to see that one of the twelve would betray him, and so in the human life today there is not any of us can find twelve people that some one of them will not betray us and make our lives miserable.

After Judas had come, in the character of Judas Iscariot, he knew if the great power of gold could be played on the sensibilities of that man, he knew that his principles were not strong enough to withhold the wonderful power of a few pieces of silver, and he knew if anyone told of the inner teachings of his life, if anyone went back on him, it would be a man like Judas, and we find that Judas did betray him, and in that hour when he was taken before the tribunal, and they asked why they had brought him there, and they said, now if you have any power, tell us who did this thing and you shall go free. Oh, but in that mighty hour of agony, who has not lived their hour of agony, when some friend has proved treacherous and a traitor, and when some of our motives have been misconstrued and so turned about that we hardly recognize ourselves and we have stood dumb and mute before the accuser and slanderer, when we knew we were innocent. We had no redress; we knew we were innocent. So in the hour the Master stood, in the face of the enemy, with not a controlling voice.

Like the mediums in Modern Spiritualism, people will say to them: "I will stand by you," and other people

have the same thing said to them: "If any trouble comes I will uphold you, and I will show them how I appreciate the comfort you have brought to me." But when you have been in your hour of Gethsemane, you have forgotten it and, like in the case of Jesus, they have stood still and denied us, and so we find today in our Modern Spiritualism, that men and women come and demand of the mediums the things they want to know. If they are told 101 things that are just as true as the one thing they wanted to know, and they are proven to be true, they will cast aside the 101, just because they did not receive just the one they wanted; and so if there has been a manifestation of the Nazarene that manifestation belongs to Modern Spiritualism, and even though at home they hold communion with their souls, and whether they are in the work before the world, they can say "Christ is my elder brother; Christ is my pattern; Christ is the medium whose mediumship I long to have my life lighted by."

That is the divine principle of living, and then we say the Master forgave his enemies, so we forgive ours. The Master said: "I did not come to convert the good, or the godly, but the ungodly," and he allowed the Pharisees to judge who were the ungodly; and so today in the ranks of Modern Spiritualism we say you come into our midst and if it is impossible and conditions are right, perhaps someone there will give you a message that will prove the individuality of your loved ones.

Modern Spiritualism says to you: The Master said love one another. And so we take their motto; it is a divine principle. Then we find the great field of Socialism opening before us, and we see there is no text, or creed, or dogma needed, but that one that is as old as time itself, that was spoken by the blue river of the Nile; the wonderful text that was spoken by the Ganges long before Buddha was born; the mighty text that was spoken by Zoriaster while the fire burned; the mighty text that was written when Confucius was compiling their sacred

Bible for unborn generations; the text that again fell from the illuminated lips of the Master, when he said: Do unto others that they should do unto you.

The only text that is needed in this world is to make your religion true; to practice it every day and every hour of our lives, and then we would not feel as if we wanted to make some one miserable, because they are better favored in the world than we are, or because we are jealous. But instead of that we will be glad for every upliftment that comes to every human being. When we meet one of our neighbors with a better dress on than ours, we will not say her husband does not get any more money than mine; if a man took his family to the theater and we felt that we could not take our family, and say, we did not get a chance to get at the cash box. We would not say those things. We would say: I am glad Mrs. So-and-So has such a pretty gown; I am glad they have found the ways and means; I am glad that my brother man has a better position than I have. Perhaps some time I too will stand on another round of the ladder and I will be able to do what he is doing, and if we are in some organization—an organization of Spiritualists, for instance—and someone is elected president or secretary, we will not go behind his back and say he is no person for such a position; that he will make no kind of a president—but we will say we are going to work with him hand in hand for his success; we are going to show to mankind and womankind the glorious blessing of brotherhood. Then, if we meet in some of the club rooms of our city, and we study political science, and we happen to have some political lines stronger than the fellow next to us, and we find there is something in someone that will make him a good statesman, we are not going to pull him down; and if he had made a mistake in life, we are not going to proclaim it to the world; but we are going to say he is more of a man for the mistake he has made, and we are going to send him to Washington, because we

know he is going to make good. And instead of talking scandal, until our newspapers are filled with filth, we are going to look for the good in humanity, and we are going to forget there are enemies in any households who have made the tears flow, and realize, as Spiritualists, realize as students in the great law of human endeavor, that each and every one of us are going to be known as we really are, and we are not going to receive a reward because we have received something, but because we have done something.

We are not going to be asked whether we are Catholic, Spiritualist or New Thought. We are going to be asked what our deeds are and whether it be Robert G. Ingersoll, Heber Newton, or Phillips Brooks, we are going to find that they have their place there—and we are going to be glad to know that in the world of soul as well as here we are to live and unfold. We are going to find the principles of unfoldment, and we are going to be angels to-day, and then we are going to carry angelhood out into the aeons of eternity.

Then, we are going to live as we should, and we are going to progress here, now and always, because we begin to realize the divine truth—that whatever the origin of life, that eternal progression is the destiny of man.

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